Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1840.

VOL. IX.—N° 47.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A disposition has been made of *Saracen* for the season.

To M. R. S., Esq. Your offer and invitation is gratefully appreciated. It would give us great pleasure to accept the latter, but the increase of imperative editorial duties consequent upon the close of the present and commencement of a new volume, forbid the anticipation of any such personal gratification. Between the present week and the 7th of March, we have to write Memoirs of Shark, Monarch, Hedgeford, and Boston, besides supervising the elaborate tabular Lists of Winning Horses in 1839.

The Portrait of *Shark*, engraved by DICK, after TROYE, is in the printer's hands, and several hundred impressions have already been taken off. *Hedgeford's* Portrait, engraved by HINSHELWOOD after TROYE, is to be completed to-morrow afternoon. *Monarch's* Portrait, by DEVEAUX, from the burin of DICK, is nearly completed, and that of *Boston*, by DE LATTRE, is under contract to be engraved by DICK, and printed in readiness to be issued with the first number of our next volume—on the 7th of March.

To W. H., of W. Write us how much you are willing to pay, and an arrangement can be effected off hand. There are two here that would answer your purpose.

R. Omar, of N. O, should address his brother, Charles A. L——, Boston, Mass.

B. L., of Boston, has been supplied, and fifteen additional copies forwarded to the P.M. being all we can possibly rake up.

A. L. S.'s favor was received on Tuesday last. On reference to the "Spirit" of Jan. 4th and 11th, he will see that his views of the matter and suggestions were anticipated. He will find a letter to his address in the Columbia P.O.

W. H. According to the rule quoted (Rule 3d) Medora was entitled to the purse, *provided* she "left sufficient room on the outside for her antagonist to pass." Rules 3d and 5th are both faulty, and may be fairly interpreted so as to conflict. The following Rule of the New York Jockey Club would be a good substitute for them both:—

"Rule 22. The rider who has won a heat, shall be entitled to the track, and the foremost be entitled to any part of the track, he leaving a sufficient space for a horse to pass him on the outside; but shall not, when locked by another horse, leave the track he may be running on, to press him to the inside or outside; doing which shall be deemed foul riding. Should any rider intentionally cross, jostle, or strike his adversary's horse or rider, or run on his heels, or do any thing else that may impede the progress of his adversary, he will be deemed distanced, though he come out ahead, and the Purse will be given to the next best horse; and any rider offending against this rule, shall never again be permitted to ride over, or attend any horse on this Course."

We are much indebted to H. H. for his offer, and shall be glad to reciprocate his courtesy.

A complete set of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," handsomely bound, with all the Engravings, from Vol. I. to X., both inclusive, can be obtained at this office for $75 cash. The copy ordered by J. L. for J. C. R., at $60, will not be delivered at that price.

Gen. J. H. A.'s acknowledgment of the receipt of our letter reached us on Wednesday last. The *other* purchase alluded to has not been made. His good wishes are gratefully appreciated and reciprocated.

The prices, as we have heard, were—for Screwdriver, $375—for Fanny Pullen, $160—for her ch. colt Harry Seward, 18 months old, $105.

The February number of the "American Turf Register" will contain the entire Rules of the New York Jockey Club, with the revisions and additions. Dr. J. C. N. will find an extra copy to his address in the M. post office, as soon as published.

G. G.'s second letter was quite unnecessary. We shall be willing to pay as many dollars, instead of pennies, for such a "trifle." Let us hear from you as frequently as your leisure will permit, and you will really oblige us.

Dr. M.'s letter relative to Dr. G's, and the matter of the filly, will be attended to in our next.

Col. J. H. T. was written to three weeks since, at least; the letter was directed to him at his Miss. plantation. We wish half the Mail contracters and Postmasters were in——Jappa, and Amos in the same crowd. The paper and magazine must be stolen if he fails to receive them.

The names of *Yankee* and *Joel Townsend* are claimed! Also, we believe, *Peter Smink*, for a trotter. Particulars in our next.

T. E. L.'s order for the Setters was received on Thursday last; they were bought yesterday, and we have drawn on Mr. M. for $231,50, at sight. They will be shipped per the "Arkansas."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1840.

NON-ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.

This steam-ship has been looked for every day this week and yet is she not in. Of course, the editors suffer most; but we have managed to get together, this week, an ample supply of dainties for the sporting reader, while those who turn rather to the literary columns of the "Spirit," will bear with us, and blame the British Queen, if they miss their usual variety. On the fourth page, the reader will find a very interesting "Review of the past English Racing Season," by VATES, the great prophet of "Bell's Life in London." Other selections, short, but pithy, he will find to amuse him.

One of the chief miseries connected with the delay of this steam-ship, is the sad suspense in which we are kept as to the destinies of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. That worthy gentleman was not, at last accounts, very happily situated. We are strongly in hopes that something will be done for him in the next Blackwood. At present, our sufferings, our readers', and those of Titmouse, "is intolerable." Should the Queen arrive in the next four days, our readers may be assured of a surfeit of literary dainties.

The "*Boston Morning Post*," edited by CHAS. GORDON GREENE, Esq., has for years been the accredited organ of the Democratic Party in that section of the country so well known to every body save the geography perpetrators, who have never laid it down on their maps—namely, *Down East*—and has ever been conducted with signal ability. Without reading or caring a straw about its long political articles, we not unfrequently heartily enjoy the well directed, palpable hits, dealt out right and left at some of its opponents, many of whom have had occasion to exclaim with Mathews "that boy will be the death o us!" With the single exception of PRENTICE's "Louisville Journal," the "Post" is the only political diurnal in which you can find every morning a good-humored sally, or something really graceful, brilliant, or entertaining from the editor's pen. The "Post" is habitually good natured and always clever; take up any number you will, you are sure to meet with indications of great good sense and a strong and highly cultivated intellect. The great questions which agitate the political world are discussed in the "Post" with a zeal and honesty of purpose, united to a suavity of tone and expression that challenges the respect even of those who hold no communion with the doctrines and principles inculcated. But what renders the "Post" so generally popular, and especially with us, is the sterling wit and unaffected good humor which ever characterize its columns, and, now we think of it, we should like to know how some of our contemporaries would get on without it? Deprive them of the "Post," and there would be a simultaneous demand all over the country for assistant editors. The "Post," to keep pace with the *spirit of the times*, has been on several times enlarged, and the compliments paid its worthy editor on such occasions, has well nigh overpowered him. We recollect his saying once that he "begged his friends to imagine him like Lafayette, seated in a barouche, with his hat off, going about the streets bowing his thanks to the multitude—now on this side—now on that." Recently he has again enlarged his admirable journal, and we beg to add ours, to the congratulations he is receiving on all hands, and to express our most cordial wishes for his success.

We regret to notice, in the papers of yesterday, the death of Mr. JOHN W. WATSON, formerly of Richmond, Va., but, for the last 18 years, a resident of this city. Mr. W., for a great number of years, was a conspicuous member of many of our best and oldest Jockey Clubs; and is well known in this city as being the projector and proprietor of that useful Institution, in a populous city, known as "New York Tattersalls," which he opened in 1828, and retired from in May 1838. Few men had a wider circle of friends and acquaintances; his memory will be cherished, not only as one who has a thousand times "set the table in a roar," but as a firm friend, a most entertaining companion, and a public-spirited, liberal, enterprising man.

Splendid Race Cups, etc.—Agents from the well-known house of STORR & MORTIMER, of New Bond Street, London, have recently had on exhibition and sale, in this city, a magnificent assortment of Plate and Jewellery. The plate included several Race Cups, at prices from $350 to $2000; in the collection were three massive gold cups, more rich than any we have seen since those won by *Crusader* and *Kosciusko* at Charleston, some years since. Two of these are magnificently wrought, and are more highly finished than any thing of the kind we have ever seen; one of them is near two feet high.—The sporting devices are exceedingly well chosen, and all the cups are well executed. The collection is now at Washington City, but will be in Charleston during the races next month. We hope they will not be suffered to leave the country. From the aspect of affairs on Long Island, we fear there is little chance of one's being retained here, but we sincerely hope to have the pleasure of seeing them, at some future day, gracing the side-board of some of our friends among the Turfmen of Carolina.

BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

This is not the paper wherein to record the details of this appalling accident, but so many reflections press upon one as he daily follows the progress of the investigation into the circumstances and causes of the accident, that it is impossible to refrain from giving utterance to some remarks. Especially is this proper, as the entire press of the country has seized hold of the theme, and dealt with it in a manner often inflammatory and unjust. The Coroner of our city has determined most fully to develope the whole matter, and every day brings to light some touching incident, and fresh proof of the fatal panic on board the boat.

So far as the inquiry has already proceeded, it is impossible to discover any ground for the fierce denunciations of the Steamboat Company to which the Lexington belonged. The testimony of Captains Bunker, Vanderbilt, and Comstock, proves fully the staunchness and seaworthiness of the boat, her compliance with the requisitions of the law in regard to tiller ropes, and the precautions that were used to prevent and to extinguish fires. The most probable ground of censure would seem to be the employment of a captain without that nerve and force of character requisite to meet so desperate an emergency. Had he been able to preserve a rigid coolness and self command, it would have imparted confidence to his passengers, and enabled him so to have controlled their movements by an inexorable discipline, that the lives of every soul on board might in all probability have been saved.

The means for such preservation, even in a more sudden catastrophe, would appear to have been ample, had there been one in authority on board to direct their employment with even ordinary skill. In this connection, we have been much impressed by the following extract from Mr. COOPER's Naval History, wherein the effects of coolness are admirably displayed:—

On the 10th of April, the New York, John Adams and Enterprise sailed. While making the passage, just as the music had been beating to grog, a heavy explosion was heard near the cockpit of the flag-ship, and the lower part of the vessel was immediately filled with smoke. It was an appalling moment, for every body on board was aware that a quantity of powder, not far from the magazine, must have exploded—that the fire was necessarily scattered in the passage—that the ship was in danger. Captain Chauncey was passing the drummer when the explosion was heard, and he ordered him to beat to quarters.

The alarm had not been given a minute, when the men were going steadily to their guns, and other stations, under a standing regulation which directed this measure in the event of a cry of fire as the most certain means of the officers entire command of the ship, and of preventing confusion. The influence of discipline was well exhibited on this trying occasion; for while there is nothing so fearful to the seamen as the alarm of fire, the people went to their quarters as regularly as in the moment of confidence. The sea being smooth and the weather moderate, the commodore himself now issued an order to hoist out the boats. The command which had been given under the best feelings of the human heart, was most unfortunately timed. The people had no sooner left the guns to execute it, than the jib-boom, bowsprit, sprit sailyard, night heads, and every spot forward was lined with men, under the idea of getting as far as possible from the magazine. Some even leaped overboard and swam for the nearest vessel.

The situation of the ship was now exceedingly critical. With a fire known to be kindled near the magazine, and a crew in a great measure disorganized,—the chances of escape were much diminished. But Captain Chauncey rallied a few followers, and reminding them that they might as well be blown up, though on deck as there, he led the way below, into passages choked with smoke, where the danger was rapidly increasing. There, by means of wet blankets taken from the purser's store room, and water thrown by hand, he began to contend with the fire, in a spot where a spark scattered even by the efforts made to extinguish the flames might, in a single instant, have left nothing of all on board but their names. Mr. David Porter, the first Lieutenant, who meets us in so many scenes of trial and danger, had ascended from the ward-room, by means of a stern ladder, and he and the other officers seconded the noble efforts of their intrepid commander. The men were got in from the spars forward, water was abundantly supplied, and the ship was saved.

This accident was supposed to have occurred in consequence of a candle having been taken from a lantern, while the gunner was searching some object in a store room that led from the cockpit. A quantity of marine cartridges, and the powder-horns used in priming the guns, and it is thought some mealed powder exploded. Two doors leading to the magazine passage were forced open, and nearly all the adjoining bulk heads were blown down. Nineteen officers and men were injured, of whom fourteen died. The sentinel at the magazine passage was driven quite through to the filling-room door.

The terrible results of a want of self-possession, in those on board the Lexington, forcibly impresses the mind with the utility of that easy and agreeable, and yet neglected, accomplishment of swimming. The water is deprived of half its terrors, in the eyes of one who is an adroit and perfect swimmer; and this, not in situations only where *mere* swimming can give safety, but in all those accidents, upon the high seas, where refuge is to be sought only in boats, and upon rafts. The feeling of your utter and *instant* helplessness, the moment you may be submerged, is unmanning to the stoutest heart. Again, the utility of such a practical and familiar acquaintance with boats and their management, as may readily be acquired in our very amusements even, is strongly shown in the death of those who, escaping from the burning vessel, and gaining the shattered life-boat, yet perished miserably. It would seem impossible that a cool seaman, with the same means of escape, could be lost.

As the investigation before the Coroner proceeds, further opportunity will be afforded for comment; and justice shall be meted out to such as were instrumental—if any there were—in producing the late catastrophe. The above crude remarks, suggested by the occasion, and conversation with an observing friend, are submitted with great diffidence.

CRUCIFIX.—Last week but one we stated that Crucifix was *amiss*; we have further to observe that she has been *blistered*, which would seem to indicate that her fore-legs have manifested unequivocal symptoms of the injuries they have sustained from her too often repeated and overstraining exertions. But will blistering remedy the evil—repair the outrage on nature? Assuredly not. We are aware that blistering is often, if not generally, resorted to in cases of this kind; but such a mode of treatment arises from besotted ignorance. Is a severe caustic application calculated to restore a strained tendon to its healthy tone and tension—to repair the injuries sustained by the pastern-joint and interior of the foot! Ridiculous! In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred blistering is injurious; but when blistering ointment has been applied, rest is rendered indispensable; and, therefore, when at length the legs become fine, some time has elapsed, and the ignoramus claims for the blister that which has resulted from complying nature—which would have been more speedily and more effectually accomplished without the caustic application, and spared the unfortunate animal the most excruciating torture.

The book men must be ignorant of the state of Crucifix. She appears at 5 to 1: we think the chances against her are 100 to 1. London Era, Dec. 8.

Docking of Horses.—In this country the horse's tail is regarded as a useless or troublesome appendage. It was given to ward off the attacks of blood-sucking flies. But men choose to remove it without being able to give the horse any other protection from the insects against which it was intended to operate. They say that the long tail conceals the horse's quarters, diminishes his apparent height, heats him at hard work, and soils his rider. It is also supposed that amputation of the tail renders the back stronger. These sage sayings have been promulgated so extensively from one to another, that it seems to be universally decided that all horses must be docked. These, it would be observed, are very strong objections to a long tail. It is a terrible thing to hide the quarters, and to make the horse look lower by an inch than he really is! Evils of such a nature are not to be suffered! The tail may be useful in some respects, and in good old times it was permitted to flourish as it grew, being only bound up when it troubled the horse's rider. But in times like these, when men clamour for freedom, and practise tyranny, it must be cut off. It is said that the back becomes stronger after the tail is docked; that the back received the blood which formerly went to the tail. There is no truth in this. The small quantity of blood saved can be furnished by one or two additional ounces of corn; and there is not the slightest proof that the back becomes stronger. Some writers contend that the tail of the horse, like that of the greyhound or the kangaroo, assists him in turning, in the same way that the helm guides a ship. Whether this be true or not, there can be no doubt about the utility of the tail in keeping off flies, which to some horses give extreme torment. I have heard or read of a troop of cavalry employed, I think, in some part of India, that was quite useless in consequence of the annoyance the docked horses received from a large species of fly. In this country for two months of the year thin-skinned horses suffer excessively, and many accidents happen from their struggles or their fears. At grass they are in constant fever. It is surely worth while inquiring, whether all that is gained by docking balances the loss. In comparing the two, it ought to be remembered that lock-jaw and death are not rare results of the operation. Stewart's Stable Economy.

CURIOUS TRIAL.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE IN PARIS.

The following curious charge of fraud came before the Tribunal of Correctional Police on the 30th ult. The party prosecuting was an English lady of property, Miss S, about 40 years of age, and the prosecuted party a person aged 29, named Ricardo Fernando Giachosa, who is represented as an artist, half-painter, half musician, and, as the French say, of a most agreeable *physique*. In fact, he was a man of quite a dashing appearance. The court was crowded with a fashionable English auditory, and much interest taken in the exposure of the fraud imputed to the prisoner. Mr. Charles Ledru was counsel for Miss S., and was assisted by Mr. Lawson, solicitor. It appeared that four months ago the parties became acquainted with each other in Paris. A promise of marriage was given, and two agreements connected with it were subsequently entered into before the British consul in due form. During the courtship the lady advanced, at different times, a sum of 43,000fr to him. After receiving it he changed his mind, and wrote to this effect to the lady. The result was, his denunciation to the police for having obtained the money in question by fraud. The prisoner did not deny that he had received the money from Miss S., but asserted that it was a pure gift. He had employed it in paying what he called debts of honour, or gambling debts, but was willing to consider it as a loan, and to repay it as soon as possible out of the sale of his pictures. The prisoner stated that the reason of his not keeping his marriage promise was his having heard certain tales about Miss S—, which were not to her advantage. A letter was read from a M. Palmier, stating that in 1830, when he was charged with the organisation of a corps of artillery of reserve of the national guard, he was applied to by the accused to admit him, but that he had refused to do so on having ascertained that he had been employed in the stables of the Duke of Orleans—that he had been condemned in 1828 for illegally wearing the decoration of the legion of honour—and that he was supported by the proprietress of a house of ill-fame. It was also stated by the president of the tribunal that a German baroness, from whom the accused had obtained considerable sums in the same way as from Miss S—, would appear to give evidence against him. The accused denied in the most positive manner the truth of the statement of M. Palmier, who, he went on to say, was his enemy. The tribunal, in order to give him the opportunity, if possible, of disproving M. Palmier's assertions, adjourned the case for a week for further hearing.

On Saturday the trial was accordingly resumed. One of the first witnesses called was the German Baroness, Maria Madeleine Spech, a handsome and elegantly dressed woman, 35 years of age, who was stated to have kept a cabinet de lecture and a pastry-cook's shop in the Passage Delorme, but who in her examination described herself as being a *Rentiere*. She deposed to having become acquainted with Giachosa in her own country, where she lent to him 12,000fr to pay some debts of honor, and subsequently advanced him in Paris, to which she had been induced to accompany him, 25,000fr more, which was the whole of her fortune. She stated that Miss S. went to her, and told her that if she would give up Giachosa, she would repay all her advances, and began by paying her 6,000fr. The complainant, Miss S., was next examined, and stated that Giachosa had told her that he had refused on her account to marry the baroness, who was immensely rich, but that he was in danger of being arrested by her for 6,000fr: in consequence of which Miss S. called upon the baroness and paid the money. She added, that the baroness had frequently urged her to marry Giachosa, and that Dr. Mackay, who had married the daughter of the baroness, had assured her that Giachosa was suffering from a complaint on his chest, which arose from his anxiety about his debts. When the witnesses had all been heard, M. Charles Ledru read a letter which Miss Spech had received from Giachosa, containing the foulest expressions, and enclosing a note for 500fr, to pay her expenses home to her family, after he had just drawn from her the last 10,000fr that she had at that time lying at her banker's. In the course of the trial several extracts of letters from Giachosa to Miss Spech were read; they were highly ludicrous from their affected sentimentality, and the jumbling together of the *yous* and *thees* in the same *soi-disant* passages of pathos caused much laughter. The tribunal, declaring Giachosa to be guilty of having defrauded Miss Spech of her money, under a chimerical pretence of marriage, sentenced him to 15 months' imprisonment, 100f fine, and 20,000f damages, towards Miss Spech, at the same time fixing the period of imprisonment for the debt to Miss Spech at three years in the event of non-payment. M. Ledru stated it to be his intention immediately to prosecute the baroness and Dr. Mackay as accomplices of Giachosa.

"My son, hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man."—"Jonah." "Why so?" "'Cause the whale couldn't hold him, after he got him down." "That's a man—you needn't study the catechism any more to present fi

HIBERNIAN GENTLEMEN JOCKS.

WM. M'DONOGH, ESQ., ALIAS UGLY MUCK.

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."—LEAR.

I think it was about ten years ago that I was dropped like a stray parcel at the inn door of a village in the county of Limerick, having travelled near one hundred miles to see a steeple-chase which was to come off there upon the following day; fatigued from the night-work I ordered breakfast, and was just solving the Columbian difficulty when a rush was made up stairs, the door was sent in with some force, and a character, and no mistake, made his appearance: *pour commencer avec le commencement*, his hat was a covering for his head certainly, but whether it was a tile of the far-famed Billy Penn's, or a gol of Julius Cæsar's body guard, no man could say, at any rate, it was not a west antique—it was a brown one; elf-like locks strayed from under its shadowy leaf, carefully bedecked with turf-dust, and some grains of oats entwined made the crop an agricultural study; from under a half-singed eyebrow glanced an eye like a wild cat's; the bones of the cheeks, strongly developed, were of a mountainous cast, and between them was the nasal promontory—promontory it scarcely could be called—table land would be more appropriate in fact; the upper part had assumed an aristocratic height, while the lower part had made up in extension what it wanted in altitude; the nostrils had a suspicious sniffle about them; the mouth was under cut, and teeth like files; whiskers covered, but could not hide, the dirt, and the chin was of the nutcracker species; the cravat around the neck of this *ca is nothus* was of that sort of cast which a person would imagine, after having served half the mutes of the undertaker for years, becoming indefinite in its mourning colour, has been purposely lost in the streets; the coat wes buttoned up to the chin, it was neither black, brown, green, nor any other color that I could name, it was, however, partly foxy, and, I believe, called a bear-skin—it should have been called a *bare* skin—it was a thing of shreds and patches—no, not patches, in fact, it was torn at different places, and looked very like the garment pictured upon Rouge Sanglier, when torn by the hounds, as it appears in Quentin Durward; blue trousers, a world too short for his long shanks; blue worsted socks, like a well-trained pointer, sure to come to heel, and strong soled shoes, made up the attire of this worthy. He was just that sort of looking fellow that an Englishman would button up his coat at the look of, a Scotchman feel for his snuff-box, and an Irishman feel for his stick—that is, if he could not cut it—a Frenchman rather give a *conge d'elire* to, and an Arab give the half of a desert to; without, in any way, making any manner of freedom with him, he strutted past me and took a pull at the bell, and brought it to the ground—"to no *beau* succumbed the *belle*"—stamped, and, opening the door, gave issue to the single word "Wayteere;" horror of horrors, a file scraping a saw in full work, a knife-grinder's exercise, a fife, a cat in the throes of either love or death, a deaf and dumb person's scream—no, no, no. nothing was ever like it—I cannot tell you—yes I can—it was like the exacerbated yell of a macaw laboring under a sore throat—there that's it—it rang through the corridor, it was heard in pantry, parlor, pot-house and all; it went through my head, jostled my brain, and escaped only by a burglarious re-exit through my mouth. As after the conclusion of a thunder-clap a dead silence ensues in the elemental warfare, so for a moment all was still; at length a querulous voice was heard saying, "Bad luck to ye all, don't ye hear Ould Muck calling.

The waiter literally tumbled up stairs, and the same throat was opened, and the slavey was ordered to bring up a pen and ink, a sheet of paper, a bottle of ginger beer, and a cigar, and it was stated to him, in no measured terms, that if they were not all upon the table in three minutes, he would have to execute a parachutical descent from the window. Anxious to know who the gentleman in disguise was, I followed the waiter out of the room and asked the question—"Thunder alive, Sir," said he, "don't ye know Ould Muck?" Upon my replying in the negative, he told me that the gentleman's name was William Mc Donogh; that he had obtained the cant name of Ould Muck to distinguish him in the inn journal from Allan M'Donogh, his younger brother, whose sobriquet was Young Muck, and that Ould Muck's friends generally called him Ugly Muck; and he gave me the information that he had arrived the night before, and had smoked four dudheens full, and drank five bottles of ginger beer; that he was very angry because his only breeches were not washed, and that he was to ride the winner that day, *et nullus error*. After some delay, I returned back for a further view of the tiger, and I found him seated at the table, his eye in frenzy rolling, and his right hand holding aloft a pen, which ever and anon he waved in air; the ginger beer was mopped up, and the cigar having finished half its destined purpose, was stuck scientifically on the left side of the mouth. waiting, like the corn stacks in the County Tipperary, *for a new light*. Having first with a glance *taken the weight of me*, this worthy addressed me in the following words:—"Sar, I know you by apperince, and as I am at prisint without an advisir, I teeke the liberty of throwing myself upon your knowlige of sossity in general." Having bowed very low, and stated my willingness to be of service to him, he arose and addressed me:—"Sar, if you were wroiting to a wumin whose heartstrings would crack if she heerd you fall, and whose love for you was beyond human ideer, would you begin, 'My dear Mary,' or 'my dear madam?'" Having the fear of the parachutical descent before me, I restrained my laughter, and stated that the Troubadours of former times never allowed their respect to be conquered by the enthusiasm of their love, and that, in fact, a proper respect for the object of our adoration mellowed without congealing. He seemed delighted with the explanation, and after asking me how I spelt adoration, set to his work with a decidedly more embarrassed air than if he were putting a young one at a rasper. Thus ended my first encounter with Mr. M'Donogh.

Mr. M'Donogh is about five feet eight inches high, of a very slight frame: indeed, he was at one time one of the most active men of the south of Ireland; in fact, he owed his life to his activity; it was a most melancholy transaction, and was as follows:—

Some years ago two gentlemen in the County of Galway had a difference of opinion, which they ought to have boxed out, but as there was a slight rumor in the country that their ancestors had been in gaol under an execution from a wine merchant, their gentility was so far established that nothing but pistols could serve their turn; out they went, and one of them our friend Muck *damonised* upon the ground, the second of the opposite party, who was (I believe) excited by drink, made use of violent language to Mr. M'Donogh, and calling upon the people to second him (he was a leveller), advanced upon Mr. M'Donogh with a feather-spring pistol cocked in his hand, and offered to him the duello. Mr. M'Donogh was placed in the awful position of being either shot by the inebriated second or torn to pieces by the mob; but one resource remained, and Mr. M'Donogh was obliged to avail himself of it; he shot his opponent dead as he advanced, and the ball passing through him, unfortunately killed a boy close behind him. Upon the rush of the country people, Mr. M'Donogh beat them for the run, and leaping a high wall, jumped upon his horse, and rode to the nearest police station, where he gave himself up, and was conducted to gaol; upon the trial, an anxiety, very creditable to Mr. M'Donogh, was evinced by all the gentry of the country, and the jury acquitted him without leaving the box. Lord Clanricarde was Mr. M'Donogh's early patron, and he rode several races for his Lordship; indeed, he was at all times a useful friend to him; and, without going further than is necessary into particulars, he was unfortunate in his choice, as Lord Clanricarde's ingratitude is proverbial. In his sunny days Mr. M'Donogh took a very fine stud to Melton, where he hunted for a season, for which piece of extravagance he has been hunted in return for many seasons. He got some good mounts from Mr. Barry, and won a great number of races with Valentine, the cotemporary and antagonist of Monarch; Valentine beat Monarch once in a match for £100, in return for which Monarch beat him several times. Muck's appearance in silk attire upon the day mentioned in the commencement, was not much improved by the addition of his black cap; the judgment pronounced against him would have been decidedly of a similar cast; however, it made his adversaries look sombre as he jumped off with the lead, was never headed, and won by three long fields. I never saw anything more magnificent than the jumping of the horse he rode. At the ordinary that night, that alarum, Muck's voice, drowned all attempts at mirth or conversation: he was in a dreadful state of excitement, and, spite the Babel-like confusion, I at last discovered that it was caused by his wish to get a bet of £100 to £20 that he would not ride a bull, his property, over a four-foot wall, with *his* face to *his tail!* I proposed to my friends, as the only mode of pacifying him, getting up a subscription, and betting him the odds in a small way; and I think we should have been foolish enough to do so but for a person near, who told us that it would be of no use whatsoever, and a loss of money too boot; for that, if we bet him, he had a donkey that he wanted to back for going over a stile with his legs tied, and that, even if he were met, then he would not be satisfied until he was bet £100 to £30 against riding Distiller over a six-foot wall, backwards and forwards; in fact, there was no chance of silencing this bull-rider.

As a rider, Muck is a strange anomaly; upon a flat course he is one of the greatest flats I ever met. A man to be a good rider in a crowd must be a good judge of space as well as pace, and of neither can Muck be said to know anything. Give him a horse, tell him to wait, and not to come up until at a certain distance from home, cram Zimmerman upon Solitude into him, and tell him for once to be content with his own company. Will he do as he ought? No; up he must go, poking his inquisitive mug into the very middle, and grinning defiance at the lot; and then his finish, how unlike that *Man of Kent*—head up and arms at work, his body now upon the horse's neck, and soon upon his loins, making as many struggles and kicks as if he was turned off by a hangman's apprentice, and grimacing like a half-starved ourang outang, who is in a mess of eight upon two. I recollect in 1838, at the last! (that it should be the last) Heaton Park Meeting, the two Mucks were on their own nags, in the £100 Handicap Plate; Young Muck was riding Bolvar, and Ould Muck Young Napoleon (Sluggard); the young-un declared to win with his nag, and thought he could have done so; and accordingly, all the Patlanders were backing the young-un, and Napoleon was not thought of, save by Lord Milltown, who took some odds about him, and if he had not been stopped, would have won a large sum. Lord Wilton was riding Amurath, who was the favourite, Young Napoleon was of the middlings, but very currish; in fact, the moment the rapper was applied, and he was called upon, like the gent in difficulties, he always cut it; however, ould Muck was to make the running, and away he went at the head, and at a score that would ruin a tap in Chalk, young Muck waiting upon Lord Wilton, and they let Young Napoleon enjoy himself so long at the head, that at last the cur (like the gentleman wot paid 0) forgot his compounding, and took to going at such a pace that at the distance Young Muck was beaten trying to get up, and Lord W. forced Amurath (another cur) to the saddle of Ould Muck, could get no further and was beaten; Lord W must be a strong nerved man to stand Muck's grey coming up the rails; upon turning round to come to scale, ould Muck said, "I wish you joy, my Lord," to which Lord W. replied that he could not perceive his meaning, when Muck replied, of your winning. Lord W. replied there was no occasion, as he had not won, to which Muck again replied, "I'll bet your Lordship £20 you won." Lord W. only laughed. The poor fellow could not be convinced until the judge told him he had won by more than half a length. The Patlanders were enraged with Young Muck, and many a son of Erin went home on the deck, who thought he could have kept the steam well up in the cabin Now, put Ould Muck upon an ill broke, over-leaping, hard-tempered colt, to ride him two miles over a desperate country, with four-foot walls, and then the blacking breaks out, and does not he shine? I saw him once ride a horse of this description over the Middleton steeple chase course—a course of so desperate a nature that several of the jocks remonstrated, and one of them absolutely refused to ride over it; Ould Muck had, I believe, never mounted the horse before, and when he got upon him the brute stood up, and after making an attempt to throw himself back, set to running, and took off about six feet from a big fence and never touched it, or the ditch at the other side; Muck merely said, "I'll ride him," and in ten minutes after away they went, Ould Muck leading.

I went to the fifth fence, a sort of Caucasus, where I expected to see Ould Muck stretched—no such thing—he came first at it whistling, with the grip of the horse's head like grim death to a dead nigger, and he handed him over it brilliantly. About five fields from home Young Muck, who was riding Russel, made a rush at his brother, and came together at a large bank; Ould Muck's nag took off a long way, and just cleared it; Russel attempted the same, chested it, and very nearly ground Young Muck into the earth (without charging a sexton's fee); Ould Muck just glanced at him as he lay insensible, and then went along and won easy; I met him cantering a hack back after weighing, and he asked me whether his brother was *perfectly* dead or not? Muck's head is very good in general over a country, and he shines in a crowd, and can get out of them very quickly, and with great decision and nerve. He never drinks brandy or any other stimulants, and seems wholly dependant upon the pipe or the gratuitous cigar. His ally's account of the manner in which he lost a heavy stake with Valentine, at Galway, is certainly very correct; at the finish there were only three, and Val appeared the least distressed, and they were coming together at a five-foot strong-made wall, when a lady in one of the carriages made a bow to ugly Muck. Muck, who either is, or thinks he is, a *garcon des bonnes fortunes*, immediately made her an almost Oriental salam in return, and in doing so dropped the rein to Val, who, obeying the well-known signal, leaped at the wall, kneed it, and headed Muck, whose brains (if the serous matter which his excited life has left him can be called brain) must have been defended with a patent anti-attrition skull to resist concussion; however, he was raised insensible to time, and suffered for some time after—*tant pis pour Muck!* Muck has as brilliant a barefacedness as ever distinguished a blarney-stone kisser, *ex uno disce omnes*. At a steeple-chace meeting in Bandon, some time ago, Muck was defeated the first day, riding Val against Young Muck on Monarch; a horse called Clinker was in the race, ridden by some young aspirant, and could not be got over the first fence; there was a handicap the following day, and Ould Muck took £25 to £5 from a gentleman at the table that he would name the first and second riders, and he named himself upon Clinker as first, and his brother upon Monarch as second. There were several others in the race. Poor Monarch was brought out with 13st. 7lb. upon him, Clinker (I believe) 11st; two mile heats. Clinker found quite a different customer upon this day, and was obliged to become a surveyor and measure the two miles, not by the chain, but by the spur. About a mile from home Monarch fell heavily, and Ould Muck could have distanced the lot, but he deliberately pulled Clinker back, and allowed Monarch to save his distance. Upon being asked why he did not win out and out, he replied that had he done so, he should have lost his chance of the £25 to £5, as he would be first, the rest nowhere; nay, more, the owner of the horse bore this treatment, and I heard Ould Muck tell it to the gentleman from whom he won the money at his own table the entire of this story, and, more to be wondered at, the gentleman seemed to take it as a good joke, and to crown all, when Muck's horse was stopped for the stakes at Ennis, and would not be allowed to run until the stakes were paid, this very gentleman paid them for Ould Muck, for which kind act Ould Muck never (with his usual presence of mind) paid him. But I am going beyond a newspaper sketch. You have Ould Muck now in your country; keep him there; John Bull can provide for him better than we can. I should like, however, to see him go across a country once more, but his voice at that decides it. While Dan O'Connell, *et hoc genus omne*, are twisting all sorts of reasons for repeal, and trying to prove that Pat could do without Jack's coin, and that tick should stand for cash, I shall give but one reason why I should join the millions five, and it is, that in the repeal, as you have Ould Muck with you, you should keep him till time shall still that throttle.

Bell's Life. SHAMROCK.

THE FASHIONABLE SPIES.

At the brightest period of the Empire the house of the Countess de M—— was considered one of the most agreeable in Paris. The Countess was a woman between forty-five and fifty, whose mature age had not obliterated the splendor of her younger years. People of perfidious memories pretended that in spite of her name and title she had never held a very distinguished nor a very orthodox station in the society of former times. The heralds might, perhaps, have found much to say to her pedigree. But the Countess's title and name recommended her, nevertheless, powerfully enough at a period when aristocracy recovered its sway. The favor was therefore eagerly sought of being presented to the lady who did with perfect gracefulness and *bon ton* the honors of one of the most elegant drawing-rooms of the Chaussee d'Antin In general, at Paris, people flock wherever pleasure is to be found, without displaying much rigor about the chapter of inquiries. Many people are content with their own respectability, and will unscrupulously reckon among their acquaintance, and even their friends, persons for whom they would not answer in all things. The most celebrated artists, the prettiest women of Paris, imparted a twofold charm to Madame de M——'s parties. The Institute came and sat itself there by the side of Finance; and sometimes returned emigrants would meet there their former banishers. The Countess gave all her guests an equally gracious reception. She professed great toleration as regarded political opinions. Her drawing-room seemed a neutral ground, a land of privilege and franchise; and the liberty enjoyed in it was not its least attraction. When the Countess was told that she was very imprudent to permit such freedom of speech at her house, she would put on a charming smile and reply, "Do you think that I had not much rather quarrel with the Emperor than with my friends?"

What were the Countess's real situation and fortune? It costs very dear at Paris to receive company in a brilliant style. Long a widow, the Countess said that she had landed property in Belgium, or in the departments beyond the Rhine. The public, besides, would have been very indiscreet in meddling with the affairs of a person at whose house such agreeable evenings were spent. The Countess de M—— formed part of the 300 or 400 elect composing *all Paris*, when one says, "*All Paris* was there, *all Paris* will be there." A first performance of a play would rather have been given without the prompter, without the actors even, than without Madame de M——; for, though she lay no claim to authorship she had contrived to give her assemblies a certain literary varnish, and more than one poet had sought the suffrage of the *habitues* of her house before seeking that of the public.

Two or three months had elapsed since a new guest had got himself introduced at the Countess's. Baron d'A—— (he decked his name of Italian termination with the title of Baron) was a man of distinguished manners, of respectable age and figure, whose finger was ornamented with a fine antique cameo, and button-hole displayed several foreign orders. He had travelled much, seen much, and talked admirably, as he plunged his fingers into a superb gold snuff-box. He was one of the most renowned *dineurs en ville* of his times. He had carried far the art of having always a seat awaiting him at some good table, where he paid for his fare with witty sayings. Nevertheless, they who saw the Baron most frequently had never been to his dwelling. They scarcely knew where he resided, for he avoided, as much as possible, giving his address. In that respect he never lacked pretexts. At one time he was about to remove—at another the painters had invaded his apartment, and not left him room enough for an arm-chair to receive his visitors.

Paris is the land of those anonymous livelihoods which are never to be seen at home *en deshabille*, like those women who show themselves but after stuffing their figures and painting their faces. The livelihoods we advert to are a perpetual problem, a living enigma—gold on the surface, mud at the bottom; dark mysteries, that probably have good reasons to dread broad daylight.

Every Wednesday, the day on which Madame de M—— received company, the Baron had no engagement so pressing as to prevent his being one of the first to arrive in the Countess's drawing-rooms. A liberal player, losing and winning with equal good humor, but one imperfection was known in him, and that was an involuntary one: it was a deafness, which often compelled him to make others repeat what they had said, and thus somewhat fatigue their lungs; but the Baron apologized for, and so gracefully joked about, his infirmity, that one would almost have regretted the absence of it. Besides, in the eyes of the world, deafness, with all its inconvenience, is not without its merit: you like sometimes to talk without being heard, as if you were alone, and a deaf person is nobody.

Nevertheless, some unpleasant rumors happened to spread about Baron d'A——. The mystery he surrounded himself with excited comment. One morning, as Madame de M—— chatted in her *boudoir* with two or three *intimes*, one of them, a poet then in fashion, availing himself of a pause in the conversation, assumed a grave look, and, addressing Madame de M——, said—

"By-the-bye, my dear Countess, I have a disclosure to make to you."

"Pray, what is it? Judging from that serious look of yours, I should imagine—"

"It concerns the reputation of your house. You pride yourself with reason upon receiving but the best company."

"Certainly, and I flatter myself that all who come here—"

"Well, excuse the warning I am bound in friendship to give you. A man has had himself introduced to you whom you would no doubt have shut your door upon, if aware of his situation in life. The Baron d'A——, with his crosses——"

"Pray proceed."

"Has good reasons to wrap himself up in mystery. His profession is not such as one boasts of. He is said to be in great favor with Fouche, who employs him on confidential missions."

"What! Baron d'A—— attached to——"

"The police, my dear Countess."

"You joke! What! select a deaf man for a spy! You wrong the Duke d'Otrante."

"Ay, but the Baron, or pretended Baron, is not a bit deafer than you or me. His ears are excellent ones, and he uses them in the best possible manner. It must be owned that his deafness is admirably played. A good idea indeed. Who would suspect a spy in a deaf man?"

"But now are you quite sure of what you say?"

"I am, at least, quite persuaded of it, though I may not have palpable proof to give you. Others are quite as convinced as I am, and I warn you that many persons talk already of giving up the pleasure of attending your charming Wednesdays rather than meet that man. How can one sit down by the police? Fouché leaves not a house sheltered against his tools! He has spread his net over all Paris, all France! His infernal police extends from the highest to the humblest ranks of society, and selects its *ames damnés* under the coat of the man of the world, and under that of the valet. Informers in livery announce and serve one at table. There are tariffs for infamy of all degrees, and treachery on every floor. Fouché could have taught even the Venetian Republic of Ten."

The Countess, during this vehement tirade, dissembled a slight agitation and transient uneasiness. "Sir," said she, "I thank you for communicating such a discovery. I cannot fling an affront into the face of a man admitted into my house, without first affording him an opportunity of repelling the suspicions raised against him. I shall have a private explanation with Baron d'A——."

"Be it so, my dear Countess; if his vindication be satisfactory (and we trust entirely in your own penetration and diplomacy) we shall be delighted to be undeceived in this respect, and shall believe in his deafness. Your house is so comfortable and agreeable! Let your drawing-rooms, at least, remain free from contamination!"

This conversation left the Countess very pensive. The honor and vogue of her drawing-rooms were endangered if Baron d'A—— were not excluded, or vindicated not his character in such way as to remove all doubt. There was no hesitating.

On the following Wednesday company crowded at the Countess's. The eagerness of the *habitués* of her assembles had on the occasion an additional stimulus. They were desirous to see what sort of reception would be given to a personage denounced as a confidant of the police.

Baron d'A—— arrived early, as usual, with his crosses, cameo, gold box, and lace frill. He had too much habit of the world, and sagacity, not to remark a certain coolness and reserve about him. The conversation was less animated than usual. His salutes were returned with a degree of stiffness, and his questions answered with but what politeness strictly required. Nevertheless, as a man *qui sait vivre*, he appeared to perceive no change, and lost nothing of the unshakeable ease of his manners.

Rode's concertos, and Garat and Dalvimare's romances, had charmed the audience though, rather diverted from the music by the grand prepossessing topic. The Countess, splendidly dressed, was as gracious and affable as usual. At length she availed herself of a moment when the Baron had entered the boudoir, to breathe a less suffocating air than that of the drawing-rooms. She followed him, shut the door, and being alone with him—

"Sir," said she, after some pause, and without raising her voice, "I would speak with you."

Baron d'A—— apologised with the best grace for his unfortunate deafness, which deprived him of the happiness of hearing so sweet a voice.

"Sir," added the Countess, in a higher tone, "I should do you serious wrong if I concealed an accusation which you will, I doubt not, easily repel.

"An accusation! Pray speak on, Madame!" replied the Baron, without betraying the slightest discomposure.

"Sir," said the Countess, with some perplexity, "most assuredly....your position....is your own business....concerns but yourself. I have hitherto done myself the pleasure, the honour, of receiving in your person a man of good company....without asking more of you. However, you must be sensible that as mistress of a house....I have duties imposed upon me....and have perhaps certain rights...."

"Which cannot, Madame, be better placed than in your hands."

"You will, therefore, permit me to tell you that unfavorable reports....have been circulated respecting you. It is alleged....Again I say I am but noticing reports without judging of them....it is alleged that your position....is equivocal....in short, that you are secretly connected with a certain department, a connection which...."

The Baron fixed the Countess with a sharp and sardonic look. Though her voice had dropped a midst her hesitations in uttering the last sentence, he did not make her repeat it.

"In short, Madame" said he with much assurance, "you have been told that I was attached to the police."

"Yes, Sir," whispered the Countess, much relieved by the grand word having been uttered.

"You may believe it, Madame," added the Baron with the same *sang froid*.

"In such case, Sir, is your place here? My house is a respectable one. I enjoy and deserve public regard. I know not, Sir, what you come for to my drawing-rooms."

Baron d'A—— looked at the Countess sharper still, and slowly extracting a pinch from his gold snuff-box—

"I come to your house," said he, "in the name and by command of his Excellency the Minister, to ascertain whether you duly earn the three thousand francs paid to you every month. I must do you the justice to say that you have hitherto conscientiously acquitted yourself of your task."

At these words the Countess stood petrified.

"Compose yourself, Madame," continued Fouche's servant; "I have no interest in ruining you in your occupation, but you have as little in ruining mine. If we have never met at the Police Minister's it is because you have your hours and I have mine. I might have invented some story, got up some romance; but, perhaps, I should not have convinced you, whilst now, you will agree, you have nothing to object to the rights I possess likewise to public esteem and regard."

"No, Sir, no!....quite the contrary!"....The Countess re-entered the drawing-rooms calm and serene. The Baron returned with her.

"Well, what of the explanation?" inquired the aforesaid *intimes*, as soon as they could take the Countess apart.

"It has proved quite to the advantage of the Baron. Motives of delicacy, which you will appreciate, command my silence upon the particulars of our conversation; but he is in every respect a perfectly honourable and shamefully calumniated man."

"None can answer better for him than yourself, dear Countess."

The Countess de M——'s drawing-rooms retained all their vogue and *eclat*.

There was a *police* and a counter-police. Have they gone by with the days of glory of the Empire? French Print.

Finn says that the river at Pittsburgh is so dry that the inhabitants on its banks split it up for kindling wood.

A CHANNEL CRUISE IN A YACHT.

Early one Sunday morning in the summer of the present year we sailed from Guernsey for Plymouth, and by midnight had run two-thirds of the distance. The wind then died away, but in a few hours again sprung up, and soon after breakfast, our little yacht, the Myrtle, was merrily "walking" under a press of canvass in the vicinity of the Start, with the bold but lovely shores of Devonshire in full sight under her lee. The wind being fair, we expected to come to an anchor in the Sound ere "the sun was over the fore-yard." Flights of sea fowl were darting around us; and when about to try our skill upon them with right trusty rifles, a strange sail was reported in sight a-head, and confidently set down by the signalman of the watch as a yacht.

"Now for the buntin and signal books," said my friend Whelan, looking down the skylight; and "upon the word" glasses, with the ensigns of nearly every yacht club in the kingdom were immed ately brought on deck.

"By the cut of his gaff-topsail," said the signalman, after a pause, "that yacht is the Shark, Mr. Theophilus Burnside.

"Then we shall have some fun," said Whelan; "for Burnside is my cousin, and as merry as Momus, both ashore and afloat. His chief whim, when cruizing, is always keeping out of hail and bothering every one in company with signals. He is, indeed, courteous enough, and invariably so, to give answers to any telegraphing whatever; yet few can be satisfied with his replies. We'll show our number at once, and tax my worthy coz.'s condescension for a report of what is stirring in these western waters."

The Myrtle's number was soon flying, and attention called to her signal by the discharge of a gun. In a few seconds the answering pendant was hoisted by the stranger—again struck—and a ball mounting to the mast-head, broke in the stops, and the expected number of the Shark fluttered in the breeze.

"It *is* the Shark," said Toggle, the signalman.

"You're right, as usual, Toggle. Now ask him where he's from; send up 2190." The signal was made, and the Shark showed the rendezvous flag over 987.

"Phil's at his old tricks," said Whelan, looking at the book; "987 is a blank number in the rendezvous section. I'il try him again; send up 51, Toggle."

"What is the meaning of that?" said I.

"*Who have you on board?*" returned Whelan.

"A whole regiment," I rejoined, "if we may judge by the number of flags flying; four at the topmast head, and four at the gaff-end."

"2667 and 2590 shown from the Shark, sir."

"Answer it," said Whelan, "while I turn to the vocabulary." And here he soon found that the two numbers signified "Lady John Dory."

"1427 and 1439 on board the Shark, sir."

"*Captain Cartridge*, by the book," said Whelan. Confound the fellow; if—

"Holloa! another batch of signals, by Jupiter! Jack, chalk down the numbers as I call 'em," said Toggle in an undertone to his mate; they're bending on more signals aboard the cutter, and smart's the word. Run up the pen'ant, bo', when I sing out 'Hoist!'"

"2873, chalk, hoist!" said Toggle, and in rapid succession 2558, 3677, and 49 were shown by the Shark and acknowledged by the Myrtle.

"What does *this* mean?" said I.

"*Luncheon is ready; come on board*," replied Whelan, after searching the signal book. But, before he could answer the invitation, the Shark, hitherto close-hauled, was seen to put her helm up, and commence running to the westward.

"All hands make sail!" shouted Whelan; "if I only get alongside of you, Mr. Shark, I'll pay ye out with a broadside of skeets in return, for your 'whims and oddities.'"

In a minute or two the Myrtle schooner was bounding onward at redoubled speed in chase of the saucy Shark."

The pursuit was continued for an hour, and at the expiration of that time the Shark had so increased her distance, that all hope was reluctantly abandoned on board the Myrtle of coming up with her. * * * * *

Continuing our course for Plymouth Sound, a yacht suddenly appeared to leeward of the Mewstone—then another, another, and another came in sight—till at length no less than twenty sail formed in "line a-head in one column on the larboard tack," were seen dashing onwards in the direction of the Eddystone. The Myrtle immediately edged down; then hauled to the wind, and steered the same course; showed her number to the commodore, and fired a salute, this being her first appearance on the station during the season.

The Commodore returned the salute, and when the smoke cleared away, hoisted No. 281. The signal was scarcely freed from the stops when it was repeated, and nine yachts in the Commodore's wake simultaneously showed their numbers. We referred to the club list, and found this, the van division, to consist of the Dartmoor (with the Commodore's flag), Flying Dutchman, John Gilpin, Hellespont, Devonia, Merryman, Cedric, Flamingo, Ottoman, and the Ladye of Lara.

Numbers were next shown by the rear-division, which consisted of the Trojan (with the Rear-Commodore's flag), Smuggler, Oriental, Sparling, Buccaneer, Algerine, Guy Faux, Picaroon, Tom Bowline, and the Antoinette (three masted schooner). The last we had believed to be the Tarantula till she made her number. The repeating yachts to windward of the line were the Climax, and the Quiz, and the two to leeward the Janissary and the Pizarro. The Pizarro, before she was lengthened, was called the Gog and Magog.

The smart appearance of the fleet had a very enlivening effect, which was subsequently increased by a few manœuvres performed with great precision. The van division (ten yachts) *put about*, while the rear division continued its course on the opposite or larboard tack. At the proper moment the Commodore fired a gun, made a signal, and the van division again tacked. The fleet was thus formed in two columns, on the same tack, the Commodore leading the weather line, and the Rear-Commodore the lee. Again; the van *sub*-divisions of *both* columns put about, and the rear *sub*-division held on their course; signals were again made, the van sub-divisions re-tacked, and the fleet was thus formed in four columns (five yachts in each) close-hauled on the same tack.

After a short time this order of sailing in *four* columns was changed to *one* column in line a-head on the larboard tack by the fourth or leeward column heaving-to, and the three others continuing their course till the rear yacht of the *third* column was in the wind's eye of the headmost yacht of the *fourth* (the sub-division hove-to) when the third column bore up together and hove-to ahead of the fourth. In a few minutes the *second* column executed the same manœuvre, forming on the fourth and *third* sub-divisions and heaving to. Then the *first* or commodore's sub-division bore up (when his rearmost yacht was in the wind's eye of the headmost of the *second* column) and hove-to a-head of the rest. Thus, from four columns, the whole fleet was speedily reformed into one. The signal "85" (follow commodore's motions) was now made and answered, and the long line of yachts filled, and again stood on towards the Eddystone. 295 was then shown for "open order," and 1804 to "pipe to dinner." * * * * *

Anchored between Drake's Island and the mouth of Mill Bay, the Myrtle in a few minutes bore the appearance of not having been to sea for a month. The gig was now manned, and we pulled in towards the Club House, over which flew the distinguishing ensign of the Royal Western Yacht Squadron, which is composed of a white field with a red right-angled cross, bearing a lion *couchant* with a crown above in the centre, and a union at the head (or dexter chief) of the flag. I have ever regarded the club-house of a yacht squadron as more agreeable than any other: the rooms of such a building are generally hung with pictures of every description of craft, from a full-rigged ship to the humble yawl, or dashing cutter; its library well stored, especially with marine and military works, charts, and maps, and adorned with naval models of all descriptions; its tables covered not only with the periodicals of England, but with foreign works and newspapers, forwarded to the Club by those of its members who may be cruising in the Mediterranean or other waters: then, with regard to the wants of the "inner man," yachtsmen have invariably good cooks, and kitchens, and cellars; and, *certes*, they seldom suffer the uniforms they wear to require "reefing." "Of all amusements, give me yachting," says Captain Marryat—and so say I. A Yachtman's Guest.

London Era.

ANECDOTES OF THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

"Though hostilities were carried on with such vigour and apparent rancour in the trenches and on the breach, yet there were frequent suspensions of operations, and the distinguished French Generals, on such occasions, derived much pleasure from visiting Sir Sidney on board the Tigre. On one of these occasions, and after the besieging party had made some progress, Generals Kleber and Junot were, with Sir Sidney Smith, walking the quarter deck of the Tigre in a very amiable mood of amicability, one on each side the English Commander-in Chief.

"After a few turns in silence, Junot, regarding the battered fortifications that lay before him, and they being dwindled by distance into much insignificancy, thus broke out in the spirit of false prophecy:—

"'Commodore, mark my words! three days hence, by this very hour, the French tri-colour shall be flying on the remains of that miserable town.'

"Sir Sidney very quickly replied, 'My good General, before you shall have that town, I will blow it and you to Jericho.'

"*Bien obligè!* very much obliged,' Kleber observed: 'much obliged indeed—it will be all in our way to India.'

"'With all my heart,' rejoined Sir Sidney; 'I shall be most happy to assist you, Bonaparte, and your whole army, forward in that style; and we will commence as soon as you please.'"

"The seamen of the squadron took each their turn for the military service on the walls of Acre. One of them, belonging to the Tigre, had observed, in his spell ashore, the body of a French General, splendid in his uniform, that lay exposed in the very centre of the ditch. This dwelt on the mind of the honest though—the truth must be told—somewhat obtuse-minded tar. Indeed, he had never shown himself remarkable either for intellect or activity, and held no higher office in the ship than a waister. Yet, by some unexplained mental process, the fate and the unburied corpse of the French General had fixed themselves so strongly on his imagination, that he was determined, at all risks, to give his glittering dead opponent the rights of sepulture. The next day, though out of his turn, he asked and obtained permission to take his spell on the walls. Nothing divided the hostile entrenchments but this same ditch, and so closely placed were the foes to each other that a moderate whisper could be easily heard from one embankment to the other. Nothing appeared above these embankments but a serried line of bayonets, for if a hat or a head, or anything tangible, appeared on either side, it was saluted with a volley of perforating balls. It was about noon, and the respective hostile lines were preserving a dead silence, anxiously watching for the opportunity of a shot at each other. Our seaman—without informing any one of his intention, had provided himself with a spade and pickaxe—suddenly broke the ominous silence by shouting out, in a stentorian voice. 'Mounseers, a-hoy! 'vast heaving there abit, will ye? and belay over all with your poppers for a spell.' And then he shoved his broad unmeaning face over the lines. Two hundred muskets were immediately pointed at him, but seeing him with only the implements of digging, and not exactly understanding his demand for a parley, the French forebore to fire. Jack very leisurely then scrambled over the entrenchment into the ditch, the muzzle of the enemy's muskets still following his every motion. All this did not in the least disturb his *sang froid;* but, going up to the French General, he took his measure in quite a business-like manner, and dug a very decent grave close alongside the defunct in glory. When this was finished, shaking what was so lately a French General very cordially and affectionately by the hand, he reverently placed him in his *impromptu* grave, then shovelled the earth upon and made all smooth above him. When all was properly completed he made his best sailor's bow and foot-scrape to the French, shouldered his implements of burial, and climbed over into his own quarters with the same imperturbability that had marked his previous appearance. This he did amidst the cheers of both parties.

"Now, our friend the waister seemed to think he had done nothing extraordinary, and only remarked that he should sleep well. A few days after another gaudily-decorated French General came on board the Tigre, or some matters of negotiation, which when completed, he anxiously expressed a desire to see the interrer of his late comrade. The meeting took place, and Jack was highly praised for his heroism in a long speech, not one word of which, though interpreted to him, could be comprehend. Money was then offered him, which at first he did not like to take: but he at length satisfied his scruples by telling the French officer that he should be happy to do the same thing for him as he had done for his brother General—for nothing. The French General begged to be excused, and thus ended the interview."

PRIVATE LETTER OF A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN.

Caffe de Paris, Thursday.

One of your own country bumpkins, just arrived in Paris to burn his wings in its *diableries*, a minute ago threw down an *omelette soufflee* the waiter was bringing me. I am going to fill up the interval betwixt one *soufflee* and another by writing to you.

I dare say from my long continued silence you imagined me buried in the Campo Santo, or carried away in the waters which have overflowed every river in Italy, and swept away in their floods the homes of 7,000 or 8,000 unfortunate beings, who are there seen errant, without shelter and without bread. *Point du tout!* Like a wary old campaigner and sybarite, seeing "the rise of the waters without," I have remained in my snug pallazino in Florence—a town, by-the-bye, whose history, of all towns in the world, is most fitted to confirm a man in all the unruffled and egotistical voluptuariness of a sybarite; for in the age of its glories it was no better than the *inferno* it suggested to its great poet, and now it is the happiest of terrestrial paradises. Although in the way of news you are the greatest crocodile of rapacity I ever met, I will not give you news of who was in Florence, and what occurred there; for my long journey from thence has rendered my budget stale. Besides, many people that used to be there once have sought more stormy regions. The mania has been for going to Spain and Portugal, and the fashionables (the most sheeplike folk in the world) have followed there the Lords and Ladies of Londonderry, Egerton, Wilton, &c.; nor is the tide as yet stopped. I have just heard that Mr. S. Whitbread is now going there with his brother-in-law, Captain Waldegrave, and of other less sober palmers there are many going on that peregrination.

Since I have been in Paris I have not as yet visited the theatres, and only collected few small matters of chit-chat at the Jockey Club, &c. Count Walewsky, who started in this world with such a fair romance about him, who was once the gayest beau of the drawing room, the best set-up officer in his regiment, the most remarkable in the style of his cattle at Longchamps, and at the steeple chase on the Bievre—who then married the daughter of one of your highest nobles, then gave up *les jeux folatres* and the army, took to the *Messager*, and wrote clever political pamphlets—has just been adding a new feather to his Protean cap. A comedy, a high comedy, by him, has just been read and accepted *con furore*. Fortune, not to be unequal in the distribution of her favors, has done something for a votary of another muse. The Marquis de Salvo, who once enjoyed so much success in music, and in society in London, is said to be accepted of a fair English lady, whom I refrain from naming (there being so much in these matters that may occur 'twixt cup and lip), but whose fortune would afford the virtuoso Marquis the finest palazzo in Florence or in Naples, or even in that dearest of dear places, Milan. The diplomatic world is here in crowds. All the sly dips, find some very important matter to treat in Paris at this season. Even the Russians, who are not so free of their wings as their neighbors, arrive here by scores at a time; the softer sex not being wanting, and being represented by their handsomest specimens—the last arrived being that very handsome and eccentric beauty, and *fanatica per la musica*, La Comtesse Z——, who has found courage after many years' delay, to leave the fairy land of her magnificent palazzo and gardens at Milan, and arrive here with her twenty canine pets! Speaking of Russians, I am sorry to give you very melancholy news of him who was so long their cleverest representative. Count Pozzo left London, politically dead, to come and wander like a ghost in his immense hotel in Paris, the favorite and gorgeous plaything of the Corsican diplomatist in his palmy days. Notwithstanding the affectionate nursing of his niece by marriage, the truly lovely and worthy scion of the great house of Caillon, his state has been getting worse and worse daily, and it is now said that memory of faces has departed from him as completely as memory of facts had quitted him before. His favorite nephew and daughter have no children, although so long married, and his humbler relatives are now almost all in Paris waiting for what will befal. I encountered yesterday at the door of the Hotel des Princes, in rue de Richelieu, a diplomatist no less celebrated, and who, thank the stars, is just as lively and awake as his former colleague is lethargic. I mean Prince Esterhazy. He is an enormous favorite with Louis Philippe and the great world here, who never cease admiring the off-handed jocularity and *bonhommie* which he so singularly combines, a deep current of strong understanding which bursts out in the hour of need.

But you must excuse my stopping short. My *omelette soufflee*, the thing that must be eaten the quickest of all culinary niceties, is subsiding in cold obstruction, and a grin of silent reproach in the waiter's face says, as plainly as words could do,

"surtout souvenez vous bien,
Qu'un diner rechauffe ne valut jamais rien."

P.S Since dinner a well informed official personage has told me that the Comte de Paris is to be made a christian at the same period at which Prince Albert, he says, will be made that most heterodox of *Hubs*, a Queen's consort, viz., at the end of February. I would give all the splendid etes and pageantry of the embryo King's christening, which no doubt will be magnificent, to see his father returned safe from his second visit to the Portes de Fer. The news from Algiers has touched his honor, and it is a blow in the face which can only be effaced in a mortal duel. I fear me this christening will be a baptism of blood!

ADVENTURE WITH A SERPENT.

A correspondent of the *Madras Herald* gives the following account of an adventure with a *cobra di capello*, which occurred to a gentleman who was reposing under a tamarind tree alone, after a day of shooting:—"I was aroused by the furious baying of my dogs: on turning round, I beheld a snake of the *cobra di capello* species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very close upon my position. In an instant I was upon my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology it boldly brought to, with expanded hood, eyes sparkling, neck beautifully arched, the head raised nearly two feet from the ground, and oscillating from side to side, in a manner plainly indicative of a resentful foe. I seized a short bamboo, left by one of the bearers, and hurled it at my opponent's head. I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell from its imposing attitude, and lay apparently lifeless. Without a moment's reflection, I seized it a little below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of the tree, and very coolly sat down to examine the mouth for the poisoned fangs of which naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing the mouth open with a stalk, I felt the head sliding through my hand; and, to my utter astonishment, became aware that I now had to contend against the most deadly of reptiles in its full strength and vigor. Indeed, I was in a moment convinced of it; for as I tightened my hold of the throat, its body became wreathed around my neck and arm. I had raised myself from a sitting position to one knee; my right arm, to enable me to exert my strength, was extended. I must in such an attitude, have appeared horrified enough to represent a deity in the hindoo mythology, such as we see rudely emblazoned on the portals of their native temples. It now became a matter of self-defence. To retain my hold it required my utmost strength to prevent the head from escaping, as my neck became a purchase for the animal to pull upon. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the *cobra di capello* is held throughout India, and the almost certain death which invariably follows its bite, he will, in some degree, be able to imagine what my feelings were at that moment; a shudder, a faint kind of disgusting sickness pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the cold, clammy fold of the reptile's body tightening round my neck. To attempt any delineation of my sensations would be absurd: let it suffice, they were most horrible. I had now almost resolved to resign my hold. Had I done so, this tale would never have been written; so no doubt the head would have been brought to the extreme circumvolution to inflict its deadly wound.

Even in the agony of such a moment I could picture to myself the fierce glowing of the eyes, and the intimidating expansion of the hood ere it fastened its venomous and fatal hold upon my face and neck. To hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately beneath my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the very firmness with which I held it; my hand was gloved. Finding, in defiance of all my efforts, that my hand was each instant forced closer to my face, I was anxiously considering how to act in this horrible dilemma, when an idea struck me, that, was it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs should it escape my hold of it. My gun lay at my feet, the ramrod appeared the very thing required, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged. My right arm was now trembling from over exertion, my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through the lower jaw up to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I suddenly let go my hold of the throat, and seized the rod in both hands; at the same time bringing them over my head with a sudden jerk, discharging the fold from my neck, which had latterly become almost tight enough to p oduce strangulation. There was then little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately throwing the reptile from me to the earth, where it continued to twist and writhe into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighboring stream to lave my neck, hands, and face in its cooling waters, was my first act after despatching my formidable enemy.

ADVENTUROUS TIGER SHOOTING.

On the Nullah once more, and now comes Gossoondah. When I was at this place in May, 1829, in company with poor L., almost every little hill round it had a tiger; but the certain finds were the large rock about a mile behind the fakeer's temple, and the white rocks in the Chitorghur direction. Under these said white rocks there is an old sandpit with small caves branching off in all directions. 'Twas in one of them that I killed my maiden tiger on foot. The way it happened was thus: I had found and wounded a leopard which had taken refuge in the said caves. L. never dreaming of seeing the brute again, had wandered away on his elephant to beat a neighboring hill, and I was taking a farewell peep round the pit, when in a dark hole between two large pieces of rock, I spied a pair of bright eyes, apparently watching my operations. These I instantly knew to belong to one of the feline species, and thinking it was the wounded leopard, I determined to have him at all risks. I accordingly contrived somehow or other to get down into the pit, and after pausing for an instant to take breath and courage, poked my head and gun round the corner, took a quick but steady aim and fired;—not a groan followed, but as soon as the smoke cleared away, and my optics became accustomed to the darkness, I saw the results of my shot, in the carcase of a magnificent male tiger. A rope was let down, and a man was let down, and a man went into the hole and fastened it round the head, and Johnny was very soon hauled up aloft. My delight may be well imagined, and my friend's vexation to the foot-work having drawn first blood—the ball had taken effect immediately between the eyes. We beat these rocks five or six times, and invariably found either tigers or leopards. With the former we were unsuccessful, but of the latter I managed to bag a couple. The large hill about a mile southwest of this was also a sure find; but lots of Bheels were required, as the dhow was very thick. This was the scene of the death of my second tiger on foot.—We had started two of these gentry one day, L. being in the plain below on his elephant, and I half way up the hill.

After beating a short distance from the place where he had first found, one of them bolted out of a bush close before me, and took to his scrapers. My first barrel missed, but the second struck him behind just as he got into the dhow, and smashed his hind leg. Pushed on after, and tracked him by the blood for some distance, when a Bheel called out that he had taken refuge under a piece of rock close to him. Scrambled away to the place, and got on the top of a rock. By leaning over, I could see one of his paws and just the tip of his nose, but as he didn't seem inclined to leave the place, my classes took a latee out of the Bheel's hand, and with all his might jammed it down on the brute's toes. A tremendous roar, and out he dashed into the cover without taking any notice of us on the rock over him. As I saw my friend on the elephant coming up, hand over hand, and as I didn't want any one to assist me, and share the honor and glory, &c., scrambled away on hands and knees on the bloody track; had not gone very far when there was a low growl and a rush in my front. Hand and eyes were steady, and the brute fell dead within two yards of me. Another bound, or a slip, or a miss, or any of the thousand and one chances inseparable from shooting, and I had been done for. This was ticklish work; but in those days I was young and hot-blooded, and thanks to the able tuition of my worthy pastor and master, Tiger S., tolerably steady with the gun, and had moreover much less respect for a Johnny than I have now. A mile above Gossoondah, on the east bank, is a low narrow rock jutting into the stream. Here were invariably a tiger or two, and lots of sambur. The first day that L. and I went to it, the grass was very high. L. went on one side of the rock and I on the other. The cover being too high for me to see anything, I got into a tree at the end of the hill, and waited patiently for whatever the gods and Bheels would give me; in the interim, L. had, without saying a word to me, set fire to the grass on his side. The wind was strong, and the flames came tearing on at a tremendous pace towards me, when my attention was attracted by a shot from L., and the next minute I saw five monsters of tigers walking quietly along the side of the rock. I took a crack at the leader and struck him, and the whole five took across to L. The fire had now become unpleasantly close, and I had the option of jumping down and running for it with the chance of tumbling on one of "the Five," or of doing a case of Masculine Suttee. I chose the former, and after nearly breaking my neck, managed to get safe to a rising ground out of reach of the fire. Not so my two poor servants who were up the tree with me; either alarmed at the proximity of the tigers, or afraid to jump down from such a height, or perhaps confused by the near approach and roaring of the flames, they, instead of descending, climbed still higher up. After the fire had passed on, I came down to see what had become of them, and in the most pitiable state I found them. Their clothes were regularly burnt off their backs, and they were totally unable to descend from the tree without assistance. East India Magazine.

Private Fortunes of some of the Great Personages of Ancient Times.—Crœsus possessed in landed property a fortune equal to £1,700,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum; he used to say that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army, or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £2,500,000. Lentulus, the soothsayer, had £3,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left £23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespacian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at £3,500,000. The debts of Milon amounted to £600,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000; he purchased the friendship of Curoi for £500,000, and that of Lucius Paulus for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Anthony was in debt to the amount of £300,000; he owed this sum in the Ides of March, and it was paid before the Kalends of April; he squandered £147,000,000 of the public treasures. Apicus expended in debauchery £500,000; and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he had no more than £80,000 left, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £40,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave to Anthony, dissolved in vinegar, who swallowed it, a pearl worth £80,000. Claudius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000. Caligula spent for one supper 80,000*l*., and Heliogabalus 20,000*l*. The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was 20,000*l*. Misalla gave 400,000*l*. for the house of Anthony. The fish from Lucullus's fish-ponds were sold for 35,000*l*. Scaurus's country-house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at 850,500*l*. Otho, to finish a part of Nero's palace, spent 487,500*l*.

Theatrical Criticism.—The Apalachicola Courier says—"Nothing could surpass Mrs. Judah's personation of Sir Roderick Strangeway—her '*dam'me*' was *exquisite*."

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON OF 1839, WITH A GLANCE AT 1840.

BY VATES.

"An Author does not work by square or line,
As smith's and joiners perfect a design;
At least, we Moderns, our attention less,
Beyond the example of our Sires digress,
And claim a right to scamper and run wide,
Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide."

COWPER'S CONVERSATION.

With the close of the Houghton Meeting, the curtain drops on the performances of the Turf for the year; and, perhaps, never did it fall when, in the short space of its operations, such strange fantastic tricks had been played upon its stage.

Suppose we first touch on the principal races in their order, and allude to the spirit-stirring events as they were in rotation engendered.

Let us next discuss any alterations that might be, or have been, effected; and suggest some palpable improvements which cry aloud for adoption.

And, in conclusion, point the eye of foresight to that ever-exciting period, where Hope waves the Pennon of Victory, and where Prophets realise

'the knell
Which summons them to Heaven or to Hell"

—the all-important Future.

On this the successful speculator, who has already laid a good foundation, builds his Corinthian superstructure; and on this the "*Sacre Dieu miserable*" equally calculates, to turn the golden tide in his favor.

Having thus tamed the wild steed of our imagination a trifle, we will back to harness.

After months of speculation, and the twice a week's levee at the corner, to mend the Book, or mar it (tedious enow is it with a vengeance, through the brumal evenings of darkness visible, in the stinted arena where the pitting, or betting, comes off), the 1st of April, ominous day, ushered in the doings on the Board of Green Cloth, with the Craven Meeting.

Now were to be tested the caprice of Fortune, the accuracy of opinion, and the merits of the Premier for the Derby; "to be, or not to be"—"*aut Cæsar, aut nullus!*"

Giving his antagonist, Euclid, 3lb. for the untried mare, the Cobweb colt conveyed the Riddlesworth, according to long prescriptive rights, into the pockets of Lord Jersey.

The race was run at terrific speed, the Maria colt making all the play in a very high wind, which at any rate reduced them to level running; however, he was vanquished with tolerable facility, whilst, from 10 to 1, up sprung the Roman victor to about 4 to 1.

His party were obviously not "sweet" prior to the event, it being the current opinion that he had not cut a splendid figure in his trial with Joannina, a few days previously.

But when it came to the pinch, he followed the example of his stable predecessors, Glenartney, Riddlesworth, Lucius, Bay Middleton, Achmet, and Phœnix—constituting the seventh winner of this great engagement in twelve years, out of the Jersey stud.

Euclid on the same day bowled over the northern pet, Kremlin, in a canter, yet found no friends for Epsom at less than 40 to 1.

The Tuesday's Riddlesworth followed the example of its Monday's namesake, though the winner, Ilderim, made no progress, in consequence, in public. These two stakes, amounting to about £3000, must have amply reimbursed their noble owner for their bed, board, and education.

The great Flambeau, light of the winter's fire-side, had now to flare up and although he beat his wretched antagonist, the Velvet colt, easily, yet the pace was so bad, and his action so wide and laboring, that his Epsom chance, in the opinion of the best judges, was utterly "*hors-de-combat*."

The Column Stakes put the Derby extinguisher on Brother to Plenipo, who ran second to Cænis; and on another, in Lord Exeter's unlucky stable—Bosphorus.

On the Thursday we had the first peep at Scott's ever formidable lot, Rory O'More vanquishing Chymist in the £50 plate D.M. very cleverly; the small odds of 200 to 1 were laid against him after the event, as there were others in the back-ground who could carry him.

The Tragedy colt, now called Polydorus, the same day took the liberty of puffing out Flambeau in a match, evincing the backers of the Torch to be all in the dark.

This was a fatal epoch for another Derby crack, Tros, who encountered Cæsar in the Vacillation Stakes; all eyes were on him as he went to the stables to saddle, and a pretty racing-like looking nag he was; but "*nimium ne crede colori;*" in a few minutes his partisans looked blacker than himself;

"Hope lingering fled—his party sighed—Farewell!"

Performances having accomplished many mutations in this Meeting, a private trial effected as vast a revolution; for, from 30 to 1, up sprung Dragsman to a position treading on the very heels of Imperial Cæsar himself. Some opined he had "come too soon" to do the trick, yet all rushed eagerly into the ring to back the dark one, and, as usual, it was "The Devil take the hindmost."

Our old friend, Caravan, fresh from his new boarding-school, at Isaac Day's, trotted in for the Oatlands; and the "Gallant Grey" cut down the hitherto invincible Don John, over the T.M.M. Although the Don was the favorite, he was generally understood not to be at concert pitch, having been notoriously favored in his work; the easy success of his antagonist corroborated the conviction that he was unfit to walk off with his "Port."

The First Spring Meeting was, as usual, rife with interest. Cæsar, at the commencement of the week, was at 3 to 1. The Dey of Algiers, long fancied, struggling with Dragsman for the second place in the odds—each about 8 to 1—and Ilderim found friends at from 16 to 1 to 20 to 1.

The 300 sovs. Stakes, over the B. C., brought Don John, Alemdar, Morella, and Caroline Elvina to the post; a rare lot for the Leger victor had he been in form! At length, after various rumors that he would, and would not go, with a brace of shoes, and a brace of plates, he settled down at even betting; when, after one of the finest struggles ever witnessed, with Alemdar, his jockey, H. Edwards, by a consummate piece of riding, landed him a head in advance at the post.

He pulled up dead lame, and it seemed all the recent description of odds—"a half-sovereign to a baby"—he would never again compete on the green turf.

Now for the 2000gs.; 8 and 10 to 1 on Cæsar, versus the combined forces of Corsair and Æther; but Dame Fortune, after showering this rich Stake for four consecutive years upon Lord Jersey, "turned her back upon herself,"—and

"Her thoughts as boundless—and her soul as free"—

gave up the *spolia opima* to The Corsair, who waved his red and black flag a neck in front.

Then were there long faces, and round faces, as the golden vane pointed to Middleton, or the Post-office; any how, the Derby was clearly not yet over; Dragsman, The Dey, Cæsar, and Corsair, all ranged about the same price of 6 to 1 to 8 to 1, the former enacting the character of LordMelbourne—a sleeping, if not acting Premier.

This *faux pas* of the Roman let in, to boot, an infinity of outsiders, and Euclid found a more reasonable position at 16 to 1. Cara and Cænis, neither in the Oaks, came in first and second for the 1,000gs., George Edwards steaming across the Herring-pond, "*express*" to ride the former; though when it was ascertained that the following morning he received the hand of his "Carissima" at the Hymeneal Altar, it was no longer a source of doubt that he was less animated by the race than the steeple-chace.

The struggle between Montreal, the winner, Montezuma, Cænis, and Polydorus, in the Newmarket Stakes, was beautiful; its effect was to bring Euclid into the market (Montezuma's stable companion) at about 12 to 1; to give an outside chance to the Duke of Grafton's two—Æther and Montreal—and to dismiss the beaten ones, Tros and Brother to Plenipo, to irrevocable oblivion.

This Meeting must not be passed over without an allusion to the horse destined to fill so large a space in public thereafter—Bloomsbury! Nominated by Lord Chesterfield for the Clarendon Stakes—five subscribers, at 200 sovs. each, R. M., he was permitted to withdraw his stake; Cæsar and Epidaurus dividing the forfeits.

On the following morning it was publicly declared in the Ring, at the express request of Lord Chesterfield, that he would have presented no obstacle to the horse's starting for that engagement, nor would he do so for the future, provided the whole of the forfeits (embracing the Derby, of course) were made good, for which his Lordship, as the nominator, stood liable; and the succeeding Monday was named as the period for completing such arrangement.

Happily for the supporters of Bloomsbury, a purse was raised from adjacent St. Giles, to aristocratic St. James, and the deed was done thus far for the nag; the residue he contrived to do for himself.

The Second Spring Meeting needs but one comment; it cries aloud for radical reform; to wit—exclusion, root and branch; and then, by the way, there would be a "plentiful scarcity" to lop off.

And now by rail-road, or the Highflyer, to York!—Here the Commodore vindicated his two year old form and his favoritism for the Leger, by leading the fleet for their Derby; whilst Major Yarburgh, most inappropriately running for the shorts, got his first sweetener for the year, as appositely, with Lollypop!

At Chester, on the first day, the Trade Cup came off, which, as usual, had been a heavy betting race for the commencement of the year; or, as soon as the acceptances were declared. With 9st. 3lb. on his back, giving weight to everything in the race, save Harkaway—2lb. to Caravan, and 5lb. to Cowboy, who was second—Cardinal Puff, most unexpectedly (by the public, at any rate, as the betting evinced), conveyed the solid prize of some £800, to Eaton Hall.

The Dee Stakes ushered another Leger favourite to the world, from two-year-old work, in the person of The Apothecary; but The Recorder tried him so severely that he had difficulty in escaping with his head!—first at the Judge's Chair.

Harkaway, after walking about for a quarter of an hour, his jockey weighed too, for the Stand Cup, resembled the King of France—he "marched up the course—and then marched down again" when Cardinal Puff ended the exhibition with a matter of fact walk over!

On Thursday, however, he came to the scratch for Lord Westminster's Plate, at even weights with Caravan and Cowboy—thrice round the course; when the Son of Camel evinced that he could go a distance, defeating the Irish Agitator by a neck.

The Apothecary, in the Palatine Stakes, administered a stronger pill to his late antagonist, The Recorder, who was turned off in regular Old Bailey style!

We now arrive at the "nucleus" of Speculation, the Epsom Meeting; and will just cast our eyes over the proceedings at the "Corner" on the Sunday preceding.

On the same day twelvemonths, Cobham sprung from about 20 to 1 to 5 to 2; and, on its anniversary, the Sleight of Hand professor, with the "Heigh Presto" of the art, mounted, from similar obscurity, to the Premiership. They were 6 to 1, strong takers about him—Cæsar and Euclid each at 8 to 1—Clarion and Corsair 9 to 1—Valaincourt and Melbourne 16 to 1—Deception 20 to 1—Æther's friends faint at 25 to 1—and Bloomsbury at only 100 to 1! Dragsman, the discarded favourite of the day, preceding, unnoticed, at 10 to 1 nominally.

The effect of Epirus winning the Craven Stakes with such ease, against Ion and St. Francis (one of them booked sure to win), with the knowledge that Sleight of Hand could give him a stone, brought the latter to 2 to 1, and made it "all over but shouting!"

At last *the* day dawned; as remarkable for being the first Wednesday on which a filly had ever run for the Derby, as it was memorable for its litigated results.

In a regular snow-storm, predicating favorably for Euclid, the same flaky mantle having been propitious to Sailor, the unthought of Bloomsbury, with twenty opponents, catching Deception at the distance, came in a gallant winner, the mare defeating Euclid very cleverly.

A jockey is, after all, but a public artist, subject, like authors, painters, actors, and "*les danseuses*," to criticism; therefore it would be false delicacy not to say that many "*cognoscenti*" in racing, deemed it to have been but a stolen triumph, and that the pace was false; in other words, that had the mare been used from end to end, and, without taking the palpable liberty which was taken with her at the Corner, she might, very probably, have altered her figure in the Judge's Book.

The Oaks was barely a gallop for Deception, and amply justified her being backed at odds against the field.

The excitement of the racing over, quick on its heels came a yet more astounding topic—namely, the subversion, or stoppage of the settlement on the following Tuesday.

Bloomsbury's pedigree was impugned, on the plea of the doubtful paternity of Mulatto: the Stud Book throwing him, not only on that sire, but also on Tramp. A letter from the Stewards, posted at Tattersall's, about one o'clock on the Settling Day, by great exertion, "fiery hot with speed," obtained the adjustment of the large proportion of the bets, though some were paid under protest.

Then, after Ascot, came a fruitless appeal to the Stewards of that meeting, aided by a portion of the Jockey Club; and then, as a clincher, a not long, but very strong, and aught but sagacious "Manifesto"—the very name twangs with diplomacy!—and finally a death blow by the verdict of a Jury, proving the hopes of the mare to be, in verity, Deception.

For one, I devoutly trust never to see a Turf dispute wrested from the legitimate tribunal, the Jockey Club, and dandled in the arms of some learned Sergeant "Buzuz," who can scarce define the difference between a sire and a dam! "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" "Oh flesh, how wert thou fishified!"

At Manchester the only two races worthy of record were the Two year old Stakes, which that fine specimen of the Defence blood carried off cleverly, Lalla Rookh; and the St. Leger, in which Malvolio was the victor by a head.

Aristocratic Ascot! "*olim meminisse juvabit*" might have been applicable on this score a few years since; at present, most assuredly, in a high pressure state of railroad adulteration, next claims our attention.

The New Stand first arrested the eye, but as far as the vitality of racing on-joyment went, it proved a mere whited sepulchre. From no single part of the edifice, except in the very front rank, could any view of the running be discerned; and on the Cup Day the crush to gain admittance, one door alone being most judiciously accessible, was truly awful.

Surely this is susceptible of the easiest remedy, by having other avenues of admission.

Had the enclosure in front been as precipitous again, it might have yielded something like a sight of the contest, though impossible, from the nature of the course, to rival Goodwood in this respect; however, as far as comfort and every facility to the betters were involved, it cannot be surpassed.

It is to be trusted that a few effective alterations may be accomplished to aid the view of the spectators from the building, though two fatal errors seem to have been committed—firstly, by placing it too near the course; secondly, by its being too distant from the chair.

Now for the sports themselves.

The Queen's Plate would not need comment save for the fact of Sleight-of-hand (second to St. Francis) beating Epirus, as we were told he could, and for the circumstance of Grey Momus starting with a cough on him, and pulling to orders at the straight run home, when his chance was extinct.

The Ascot Stakes were galloped away with, from a large field, by the Turquoise Filly, a feather; which feather, personified by Master Bell, had a vast right to plume himself on the condescension of her Majesty in calling for her microscope to survey him; the interview led to his uncourtier-like refusal to name his weight, or rather the want of it; and demonstrated the difference between inhaling the air of *a* or *the* Court!

The Ascot Derby, with the penal weight of 5 lbs., brought Bloomsbury again before the public gaze, opposed to Corsair and Macremma; he won, but not in a style to justify any 5 to 1 on him; and, except from the prevalent impression that he was wholly unfit to run, he must have tottered in his St. Leger position.

The Gold Vase, with the most erudite stipulations as to liberty and equality, happened to prove most arbitrary and oppressive in its operations; Mendizabal, six years old, coming to the post with 8 st. 5 lbs. on him, and Quo Minus, four yrs. old, with 8 st. 7 lbs.; the latter stood the two-yrs. and 2 lbs. like a trump, however, and made an excellent struggle with his veteran victor.

Euclid was twice successful, in a common canter.

The Thursday presented three of the most extraordinary "*contre-temps*," or coincidences, that ever did, or could well occur in one little day:—

Imprimis: The two-yrs. old ran the T. Y. C.—Defendant first, Iris second, over the half-mile; but, "*mirabile dictu*," it was subsequently detected they should have traversed the Three Quarter Mile Course; the real race placed Jeffy first, and Defendant second.

Secundo: Bloomsbury and Sister to Hector both walked over, as it were, for the 200 sovs. stakes, the mare looking to the possible disqualification of her opponent.

Tertio: The Corsair, after winning, pulled double, the Windsor Castle Stakes, had the felicity of being distanced by The Deputy, who played for the nonce the principal—because he omitted to carry the 5 lbs. penalty for winning the 2000 Guineas Stakes, though noted as the condition in every card and sheet list of the *Day!*

Caravan wrested the cup from St. Francis, the favorite; not a little indebted, apparently, to the master hand of Robinson.

The Hampton Court Meeting was "damned to fame" by the gentlemanly performance of a gentleman rider, Mr. Curwen, who, in the "excitement of the moment," suffered himself to confound the difference between winning and losing, as a man might, under similar "excitement," reduce the "*meum* and *tuum*" to a practical equilibrium, by plunging his hand into his neighbor's pocket instead of his own. Far better would it have been had the Stewards cancelled all bets on this nefarious transaction, instead of dissolving those engagements alone which had been contracted with the owner, Mr. Theobald (no connection with the "Stockwell division," as the late Sam Spring would have said), or with the rider, Mr. Curwen; for we all know how difficult it is to saddle a Commissioner, who does the dirty work, knowingly or not, with the fact of agency.

At Newton, Malvolio won the St. Leger easily from The Recorder, Apothecary, &c.; whilst Lalla Rookh was again victorious in the Golborne Stakes beating The Mole, and six others.

Deception and Caravan—the former in the Sweepstakes with Westonian and Science, and the latter in the Somersetshire Stakes, 9 st. 1 lb., Barnacles, a year older at 8 st., second—were triumphant in the only races worthy note at the Bath meeting.

"The Bee's-wing" added two more trophies to her already long list at Newcastle; and Naworth, to the discomfiture of the Cumbrians, ran fourth to Sister to Eliza in the Tyro Stakes, though backed at evens against the field.

The Gloucestershire Stakes at Cheltenham, won by Lugwardine, showed a splendid contest, with wretched cattle, by bringing them judiciously together. Here Harkaway won the cup from Caravan (giving 7 lbs.) and Grey Momus (known not to be up to the mark), as he ought to have done, in a canter!

The July Meeting was a memorable one at Newmarket, from its introducing Crucifix to the notice of the sporting fraternity—who, with Currency two lengths behind her, went an easy conqueror past the Judge.

In the Chesterfield Stakes on Thursday, with 9 lbs. penal weight for the said performance, she had a narrow squeak for it, as, after a multiplicity of false starts, the ground was run, and Iris beat her by half a length. It was declared no start; and in the start—the actual race—she got off well, and beat Iris in turn by a couple of lengths with ease.

Let us pause for a moment at the Liverpool July Meeting, under the new proprietory management, who must have been highly gratified at the success which attended their efforts.

In the Croxteth Stakes, Deception, having nearly fallen a victim to the incendiary propensities of the Chartists at Birmingham, and coming merely for the allowance conceded in consequence in the Goodwood Cup, was, by the miserable riding of a stable-boy, beaten half a neck by The Doctor.

The next day the Tradesmen's Cup stood for decision. In a field of sixteen Charles the Twelfth, at 6 st. 6 lbs., did the thing cleverly; St. Bennett, the favorite, 5 yrs. old, 8 st. 5 lbs., second; and Lanercost, 4 yrs. old, 8 st. 6 lbs., third. The Swede won by a length—double that distance severing Lanercost from the Saint.

Certainly there was nothing in this performance to make the St. Leger safe, or to justify the confidence of laying odds on Charles against the field.

Hetman Platoff, in the St. Leger, the same day, favored by the absence of The Commodore, made an easy prey of Kremlin and his undistinguished associates.

Goodwood is ever redolent of pleasure, whether actually or in imagination; for a charm is thrown around it as fascinating as it is peculiar.

In the late Meeting, the bill of fare afforded quantity for the "*gourmand*," and quality for the epicure.

After repining at fate for disqualifying Grey Momus for the Great 300 sovs. Stakes, Lord George Bentinck ran first and second for it, against that apology for a racer Caroline Elvina, with D'Egville and Ratsbane, winning with the former, as declared. This rich prize has been regularly swept off by his Lordship since its institution, and in the present instance amounted to nearly £3000.

Crucifix, with 5 lbs. extra, beat Fire-fly and Exit for the Lavant Stakes, in a canter; and with 7 lbs. additional vanquished Defendant (second), and at 2 lbs. Iris (third), for the Molecombe Stakes, with similar facility.

With her penalty of 8 lbs., the Oaks winner made her own running against Merganser and four others, in the Drawing-room stakes, winning when and how she chose.

The Goodwood Stakes, handicap, deemed to be so good, that out of 45 acceptances about 40 were backed at some price or other, within the limit of fair market odds, brought 16 to the post. The ground was tremendously deep, the rain relentless, and the wind fierce and gusty—a day, in fact, just cut out for the fielders, as it gave anything and everything a fair chance. And the result confirmed the anticipation, for Barnacles, 6 yrs., 8 st. 1 lb., whose tender feet rendered the heavy ground so acceptable to him, and whose strength enabled him to go through it with ease, landed first by two lengths, Morella second, and Confusionee, the pet and pot of a strong party, third—who lost, by the way, near a hundred yards at the start; but for this casualty, and with good racing ground, in all probability the Barnacles would not have fixed themselves to Mr. Clarke's optics.

The cup brought nine to the post, the favorite being the memorable Harkaway, when it was ascertained that he would positively start; for, as usual mystery enveloped his movements to the last moment. Deception had powerful partisans throughout, whose confidence seemed unabated up to the very start.

When they had fairly got on their legs, Harkaway went to the front, and making play at terrific speed, which he never ceased, suffered nothing to catch him, and came in a magnificent winner by two clear lengths. Hyllus was second, though the general impression was that Deception could have secured that honor had she been saved for it in the race home.

The distance was performed by Harkaway in 4 m. 58 s.—being 10 s. less time, with an extra mile, than relatively the fastest Leger on record.

This splendid performance removed the doubts of many who were sceptical enough (myself amongst the number) to say, "What has he done?—what good horse has he ever beaten?" It proved him to be a jewel of the first water.

The Betting-room in Chichester was the scene of uproar and confusion on the night previous to the race, owing to a declaration made, that unless a Mr. Somers had a certain sum laid him at 3 to 1 against the horse (the control over him being ceded by Mr. Ferguson) he should not start.

Under such pretence—Mr. Ferguson disclaiming any words or promise to that effect—two bets of 300 to 100 each were laid to Mr. Somers, but declared off the following morning to the Stewards, as well as publicly in the ring, by the layer, Mr. Wakefield, on the ground of their being obtained by false representations.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have, however, decided that one moiety of the bet should be paid: although upon what grounds it is baffling to understand, as it would seem to all who have ever considered the subject, that if *bona fide* made, the contract must stand; if *mala fide* originated, it should be cancelled. In other words, that the loser should have been adjudged to pay the whole or nothing. Every disinterested party, and lover of honorable straightforward conduct, would have rejoiced to see the latter alternative, and the plaintiff nonsuited.

The last race of the Meeting, it was much to be regretted, should have proved a serious drawback, and marred the harmony of reminiscence. Reel, the Duke of Richmond's, won the first heat of the March Stakes, and Guava, Lord March's, the second heat—the former not running for it, yet backed at good odds to win the stakes—when, to the surprise of the ring, it was announced there would be a division, and consequently that the odds laid and taken, would have to be put together and divided. The abstract right of so doing could not be contravened, but the policy of it seemed to be generally distrusted.

The Brighton Meeting would not have called for any comment, but from the circumstance of its stakes being awarded to Tawney Owl, on the plea that Ratsbane, who came in first, and all the other nags, had gone the wrong side of the post, and from the probability of its furnishing more matter for the gentlemen of the long robe.

Happily, however, the Steward's decision has been since submitted to; and which, in all cases, the well-wishers of the Turf would be anxious to see recognised as the ultimate appeal—unless the Stewards themselves refer for judgment to the highest tribunal—the Jockey Club.

Fitzroy beat The Mole and Sister to Eliza in the Wilton Stakes, York August; and Naworth won the Two-yrs.-old Stake, after a tremendous struggle with Richmond.

At Egham, the star of the Amato stable was in the ascendant, Sophocles carrying off the Two-yrs.-old Stake, and Valaincourt taking the same liberty with the Cup.

Warwick, formerly so interesting from its Guy Stakes, offered one only exciting event—bringing Isaac and Barnacles together, at 8 st. 3 lbs. and 8 st 5 lbs.—which the Jew, accustomed to "light of weight," managed to pocket by a length, in very heavy ground; thus making his twelfth consecutive victory this year.

By the way, Isaac and Potentate, both geldings, the former 13, and the latter 18 times victorious, show that the prejudice formerly existing against them, as such, was unfounded.

In the Northumberland Plate, at Newcastle, won by St. Bennett, there were no less than six geldings out of 26 nominations. Cruiskeen, carrying 6 st., and receiving weight from each of her half dozen antagonists, won the Staffordshire Stakes at Lichfield; Modesty, her own age next her, giving only 26 lbs.

Doncaster next invites our attention; and though the betting on the great event, The Leger, had been, and continued to the last, peculiarly languid, from various causes—not the least of them the doubt in which the pedigree of Bloomsbury had been involved, and the annoyance it had caused—yet was there a goodly muster of company attracted to see if the "Champion" spell could be broken, and a Derby Victor entwine his brows with the laurels of the North!

For the sport it yielded in one short week, it stands unrivalled by any previous meeting in the recollection of man, and amply were they rewarded who braved the perils of the "flood" (roads literally under water!) to participate in its enjoyment.

The Champagne Stakes brought eight into the field. Launcelot, own brother to Touchstone, the favorite, at about 6 to 4 against him, who beat Lord Kilburne's Retainer colt—second—but not easily, by a neck.

Time and tide wait for no man; and whatever the state of the book, about four o'clock fourteen competitors appeared at the post, to compete for the Great St. Leger.

Scott told the tale that he fancied Don John was under him again, by making the same fierce running with Charles, as he had done the year before with the Don; and, despite the heaviness of the ground, had the "stuff" been equally good, the "catch-me-who-can" system would doubtless have been equally efficacious. As it was, Euclid was with him at the distance, cramped for space on the rails, and availing himself of a little opening at the finish,

made a rush, and the astounding novelty of a dead heat! "*Beatus ille*," who has seen, like the writer, a dead heat for a Derby and a St. Leger.

All was hubbub, consternation, and excitement; the Northern Pet had closed at 6 to 4 on him, and Euclid at 12 to 1 against him; nice odds for the Southerns to have put together and divided; but of course there was not an instant's hesitation as to running it out.

The weight of money now gave Euclid the call at 5 to 4, it being the general impression he had the turn of speed, and ended the freshest of the two.

In the second contest the order of the running was reversed, Euclid making all the play, much to the dissatisfaction of many, who, whether judges or not, conceived themselves to be such. All was uncertainty half way within the distance, when, just on the post, the stride of the larger animal prevailed, and The Swede was adjudged the victor by a head! Poor Bloomsbury was beaten ere he reached the hill; and the Provost and Malvolio came third and fourth.

Could a doubt exist as to the form of the Derby nag? Epidaurus and Corsair gave him a stone beating on the same ground on Thursday, although the party were confident he was in force enough to pull through against such tackle!

The Gascoigne Stakes presented a splendid contest between The Provost and The Lord Mayor, Kremlin declining a long way from home; but had the inferior civic dignitary shown half the pluck of his Lordship in a "skrimmage" he would not have been defeated half a neck.

The Two year old race was extremely interesting, because important in its consequences. The favourite, Launcelot, was defeated half a neck by Brother to Euclid (nowhere in the Champagne,) his stable companion, the colt out of Emigrant's dam, being alone fancied by the party, as the betting demonstrated. Fitzroy was not half a length from the winner, with the Retainer colt well up.

The Cup introduced to us Charles the Twelfth, Lanercost, Beeswing, and Compensation, who came in as they are named.

The riding certainly showed something quite different to the received rules at Newmarket; poor little Beeswing, with 9st on her back, made the most awful play, through mud and all, looking as if they never could catch her at the Red House, unless she compounded, which, as was sure to be the case, she did ere they reached the distance, being literally ridden to a stand still! Here it looked any odds on Lanercost; but, half way within the distance, Cartwright, in lieu of looking to his horse's head, took a deliberate survey of his tail, and applied the whip there, deeming it probably the most legitimate part, with unsparing pertinacity; Lye in the meanwhile keeping on with his wonderfully game three year old, and absolutely "wriggling" the race out of the fire, by a head!

It was reported that two eminent south country riders enjoyed a hearty laugh at the spectacle; of course they had not a shilling on the race!

Strange does it seem, when so much is at stake, that the services of first-rate men in the saddle, when they can be had, should not be secured; for whenever it comes to a nice touch superior talent will prevail.

Provost beat Malvolio by a length, cleverly, in the Scarborough Stakes.

The Park Hill Stakes—the first subscription—for fillies, on the principle of the Oaks, very unexpectedly added another victory to Scott's stable, already so successful during the week, as Mickleton Maid turned over The Dolphin, after a splendid struggle, half a neck.

The Town Plate, in four heats—one a dead heat—was won, almost in the dark, by Opera; thus closing with *eclat*, as has been before alluded to, an unprecedented week's sport.

At the Liverpool Autumn, Lalla Rookh beat Queen Anne in two matches, giving in the first 7lb, and winning by half a neck, and winning at even weights in the latter, coming in in a canter. Cruiskeen was again victorious in the Heaton Park Stakes, with 5st 10lb, beating by a length Lanercost, 8st 7lb—St. Bennett third, at 8st 12lb. The result of this race decided Lord Milltown's sending his mare for the Cæsarewitch, at Newmarket, whither we must now turn our eyes, as the conclusion of the turf performances for the year.

In the Buckenham Stakes, Wardan had for his only competitor St. Swithin, whom he defeated by a length; and also carried away the Rutland Stakes the last day from a wretched field of five, with the exception of Currency, to whom he gave 3lb for winning, and whom he was thought to have vanquished as easily as Crucifix.

Euclid, waiting in vain for his companion, Ephemeron, to win the Grand Duke Michael, nearly threw away the substance in grasping at the shadow, as Æther, with a good turn of speed in him, ran a dead heat. However, the next bout the Mathematician took a better measure, made strong play, and won in a canter.

What imaginable odds would it have been against a horse running consecutively a "tie" for the Leger and this Stake! It would have required Euclid himself to solve the problem!

The Hopeful Stakes exhibited ten silk jackets the last half Ab. M., which Crucifix bagged after 16 false starts, with 9lb. extra on her back, making her weight 9st. Jeffy was beaten off a length, with 3lb penal weight, or 8st 10lb.

Cara, the favourite for the St. Leger, D. I., succumbed to both Æther and Montreal; the latter winning according to declaration.

The Second October opened with a Handicap, T. Y. C., when Lord Milltown's colour made its *debut* at head quarters, and which Medea carried in triumph past Mr. Clarke's chair. His Lordship had taken 10 to 1 to some amount he won this and the Cæsarewitch.

Crucifix, with 7lb penalty of weight, beat a field of five for the Clearwell: Gibraltar being defeated cleverly at the finish, after having made a fight, or the show of one, at the cords. Here doctors disagree; in my humble opinion, the mare had it her own way throughout.

Immediately prior to the Clearwell, the £50 Plate, T. Y. C., was won in a canter by Wardan, Richmond second, and Jeffy third, ten horses starting. Great doubt subsequently, prevailed whether he would face Crucifix with his allowance of 7lb; but as they were in the same stable it is to be presumed that he declined on the plea of "discretion being the better part of valour!"

Ten came to the post on Wednesday for the munificent donation of the Cesarewitch—£300!—to be run for alternately at Newmarket and Ascot. To this was added a handicap subscription of £25 each, with the usual clauses—the T. M. M. and a distance.

This Lord Milltown won with Cruiskeen, 6st 6lb—the Maid of Mickleton, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb, and old Quicksilver (*lucus a non lucendo*), slow, but sure, running second and third; the latter at 7st 10lb.

The Lord of the Emerald Isle did literally "mill the town," being the receiver-general the following morning to the tune of between £6000 and £7000!

The Prendergast Stakes were won in a canter by Crucifix; Nicholas and Capote running a dead heat for the second place; the former of them tooled by Sam Chifney, who in it was quite refreshing to see once more in his natural element—the saddle!

In the Houghton Meeting, the Criterion Stakes were looked forward to with great anxiety, as, the ground being very heavy, and the course an extremely severe one, it was thought by many the wreath of victory would be wrested from the hitherto invincible Crucifix, with her penal 9 lbs. Nine showed on the important occasion, including Capote, who was started merely for the avowed purpose of getting the mare off. Grey Milton also came to the scratch, without any declaration whether Lord George Bentinck would win with the horse or the mare.

With 4 to 1 on the latter, after a number of false starts, she getting a very bad one, away they came, when, to the delight of the fielders, Gibraltar and she finished with a dead heat; and the stakes were subsequently divided.

Some assert the horse coughed; others that the mare swerved at the finish: whilst these again insist she was carried out by her opponent's hanging on her; but all admit Gibraltar was well jobbed, and the mare untouched.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes should, in its order, have been first attended to, being the opening race, and the first year of its institution, last mile and a distance, B. C.

Twelve were brought out: Hetman Platoff, 7st. 12lb.; Mickleton Maid, 5st. 12lb.—the favorites, with alternate lead, at 5 to 4 v. the field; indeed it looked vastly like "*utrum horum mavis*" and "*accipe*," at the end of it! Lanercost, at 8st. 9lb., however, had supporters at about 5 to 1. This rich stake the latter swept away by an easy length; the Hetman proving himself a very superior horse by running him in second, Mickleton Maid being third.

Unless Platoff were a better animal by 3lb. than Charles XII., it was difficult to understand how he was to vanquish Lanercost; or taking his running with Cruiskeen, compared with Mickleton Maid's, it appeared equally improbable Lanercost should be defeated.

In the 50 sovs. stake, on Thursday, Capote and Grey Milton, having but two opponents in the Margaret colt and Proteus, deservedly held very cheap, did not need nor receive the assistance of the flying phenomenon, Crucifix. Capote won, as was declared, though Grey Milton tore away as if determined to show his head in front, however contravening his master's will.

In these two last Meetings, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Stakes went, the one to the Land o' Cakes, the other to Erin; and, however galling to those who lost their money, or calculated on winning with some orthodox nag, in a native stable, it must be conceded that it is eventually likely to do real service to Newmarket, evincing that its Turf is "open to all parties, influenced by none," and that a van levels all distinctions, Lanercost having travelled in one between 300 and 400 miles for the latter race alone.

We will now allude to alterations which are made, or ought to be effected; with a few suggestions connected with Turf matters

The admirable method of roping out, or chaining out, more properly, an extended circle round the various betting posts at Newmarket, has answered so extremely well, by not only affording increased accommodation to the horsemen, but by rendering the interior of its ring accessible to pedestrians, who can speculate in ease and comfort, that it is to be hoped the stewards at Epsom will afford the same facility for the future; and that it will be adopted at every place of sport where it may be rendered useful.

It is surprising that Newmarket does not follow the example of some provincial Meetings (it should, indeed, be universal), of affixing at the various posts a declaration of the jockeys weighed for each race prior to the opening of the betting.

Surely it would be as easy to do so as affixing similar notices in the Stand, at Liverpool, Goodwood, &c.; as speculations are entered into on the faith of a certain field, which, when it comes to the start, has been found to have but a printed existence in the list of the day! This is, in verity, a crying grievance, and universally reprobated, yet admitting the simplest remedy.

Passing strange is it, that the dreadful nuisance, not only to the professional sportsman, but to the ladies, and the company generally who frequent the Stand, should yet disgrace Doncaster—no other milder term is applicable; of course, the noise and clamor of the betting on the grand floor is meant; when an inclosure might be made with ease, as at Goodwood and Ascot; aiding all and injuring none.

What a bear-garden was it after the Leger dead heat, and how next to impossible to square a book in so incommodious a spot!

If the Dons of Doncaster will listen to nought else, let it be whispered in their ear that self-interest dictates their doing to the utmost, in every shape and way, to counteract the attractions of other Meetings It is a long way to go; the march of intellect has been progressing elsewhere, carrying sport in its train; and they must not fancy the name of a St. Leger is omnipotent.

By way of rendering disputes as to pedigree less inconvenient, at any rate to the betting portion of the Turf, a rule has been recently passed, rendering it imperative to object to horses on this score, prior to a race; otherwise the bets to be settled as they come by the post. But, suppose an objection to be made on the eve of starting; the settling would then have to be deferred, as heretofore, till a decision had been given.

With submission, it seems a far preferable enactment that, unless an objection to pedigree be formally made within (say one month, for instance) a certain period prior to the race, which would give ample time for investigation, the horse coming first past the Judge's chair, as far as all bets are concerned, to be deemed the winner.

A vast deal of ill-blood was stirred up: and again, with deference, a profuse quantity of nonsense uttered, about pedigree having nothing to do with a race.

Every dispassionate person knows to the contrary; else, why fancy certain blood, and be prejudiced against other! why talk of running families; and wherefore make annual favorites of Lord Jersey's Sultan and Cobweb admixture!

Conceding, for the sake of argument, that pedigree is of no importance as to the odds; surely it would be disgraceful to have the Turf in such a lax state that lineal descent should be matter of mere assertion or idle conjecture.

But, to apply a stringent preventive to error, or what is, to all intents and purposes, the most vital of points connected with the integrity and prosperity of the British Turf—

There should be a stud-book, free from all mistake, and the arbiter of every dispute; to obtain which "desideratum," it should be under the control and responsibilities of the Jockey Club.

In lieu of owners of mares merely rendering an account of produce, it would be an excellent check to have the particulars as duly forwarded by the owners of the stallions for the time being.

But this information should not be collected in the present desultory manner; witness the mode in which Mr. Orton furnished the list of the Merton stud; but should be compulsory on all owners of stallions and mares, at the end of the season; and no produce (irrespective of certain penalties for neglect) unless properly certified by owner of dam and sire, to be permitted to start for any engagement.

These are hints thrown out after some reflection, and conversations with competent parties; and it is devoutly to be trusted that some more efficacious steps than those at present taken, will speedily be adopted, to indentify horses and have their pedigrees "duly ascertained and recorded."

The establishment of the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch Stakes makes ample amends for the loss of the Portland Handicap, testing as they must do, not only speed but endurance.

Would that the proper authorities—it is in the department, I believe, of the Master of the horse—did discuss the propriety of depriving Guilford of her Majesty's Plate, and transferring it to Epsom, as far more worthy the donation. In 1833 and 1834 they mustered a Member's Plate in addition; in 1835 it was the sole race; in 1836 they had a Member's Plate again, and by a vigorous effort the Town absolutely raised £25 added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; in 1837 and 1838 and the present year, they relapsed into the Queen's Plate being the only contest! If towns are disfranchised for depopulation they should be unplated for suppineness!

As it is evidently the desire to maintain the repute of our Derbies, Oaks, and Legers, whatever may be said against their injurious tendency is neutralising other struggles, or making them only subservient to the grand vortex of speculation on these absorbing occasions, I cannot abstain from again asking whether their importance would not be materially enhanced by nominating as produce instead of yearlings. In such event there would be scarcely an animal left out, and the greater the nomination, the richer the stake, and the longer the odds to be obtained.

Seeing Don John at work again the other day, my mind reverted to *The Ascot Cup*; Zinganee, Mameluke, Cadland, Colonel, Green Mantle, Bobadilla, Lamplighter; Oh, rare galaxy! Surely next year would not be far deficient in quality or interest, could we have Don John, Lanercost, Charles XII., Euclid, Bloomsbury, Cæsar and Deception. Egad it would inspire an appetite for racing "under the ribs of death!"

In conclusion; touching the chances for the all important future. The very extraordinary and unprecedented performances of Crucifix, in carrying off the July, Chesterfield, Lavant, Molecombe, Hopeful, Clearwell, Prendergast, and half the Criterion stakes, speak for themselves; yet many conceive these great achievements militate against her Oaks chance, by having taken so much out of her; added to which, she has the speedy cut; and is, they contend, not formed to go a distance True, she is narrow like her sire, Priam; but with such a superb shoulder, and deep brisket, with fine hind quarters, and no weight above to carry, with capital legs, I confess the Epsom event seems to me a mere matter of health. Her action is as perfect as the eye can survey.

Lalla Rookh is the only formidable opponent out; and could Crucifix be put on one side her chance would be first-rate.

Currency has many friends; but I should doubt her being the "circulating medium" on the settling day.

Iris must mend her running to sustain the same place on the eventful day as she does in the nomination, heading the list on this occasion.

Pocahontas has evidently good speed, and, from her blood, should couple endurance with it; but to judge, from what we saw of her, what she might be, would be all "hokee pokee twanky fum!"

Having thus given "The Ladies," as in duty bound, the precedence, the other sex must take their turn.

Wardan, first on the list of favorites, claims prior attention. He is a small, compact horse; his sire undeniable, and his dam famous for good stock. The easy beating he gave Richmond—himself a winner—was his best performance. The Derby, I should opine, to be any thing but over with him, as his fields were very indifferent indeed.

Launcelot appeared a very improvable horse, and must take some beating if he come to the post in tip-top form.

Brother to Euclid is short; but his family connexions are first rate, and he decidedly won the Two Year Old Stake cleverly.

Fitzroy was too near to be pleasant either to the winner, or Launcelot, and has a racing stamp about him.

Seeing them all so close together naturally generates a doubt whether either of them is a flyer; whilst Lord Kelburne's Retainer Colt being also well up in both the Champagne and Two-Year-Old Stakes confirms the impression.

Gibraltar is not in the Derby; and the Leger is too distant for almost a thought; but whenever he shows himself fit to run, he will be dangerous in the extreme.

So much for the public performances; from which it may be inferred that, in my opinion, the "*corps dramatique*" behind the scenes have a fine chance of obtaining "solid pudding" as well as "empty praise."

The best judges, I understand, admire the action of Muley Ishmael more than that of his partner, Glenorchy; in all humility, my taste differs. They are two very fine looking colts, and should they stand, will have no lack of partisans. The Lucetta, Lady Sarah, and Wild Duck colts are much fancied in good quarters. They tell me Maroon and the Amadon colt, in Scott's stable, are two very fine nags; of course, those who stand against this string, if they get out, will be half frightened to death.

If compelled to stand on any horse just now, my fancy would lean to the Angelica colt out of all that I have seen; he has length and size, with very fine, true action, looking the race horse all over, though some deem him small under the knee, and whisper that eternal bug bear, a leg!

These are opinions thrown out as they exist at present, yet the spring may tell quite a different tale.

It had nearly escaped me to allude to one very public horse, Grey Milton, in my humble opinion more notorious from the posted notice of his noble owner than from his own intrinsic merits. It would, indeed, have surprised me to see him do the trick at Epsom, and now it would equally surprise me to see him at the Derby post.

And now for the real conclusion, in which every thing shall be concluded!

Whatever may be, or has been, committed by me to the perilous ordeal of print, represents the best judgment in my power to form, subject, like all that is human, to error, and I shall maintain the "even tenor of my way" despite the yelps and snarls of any curs attached to the lingering cat's-meat tray of a miserable Monthly.

Neither do I possess the right nor the vanity to think that my future predictions will be as accurate as the past, or that they will approach as nearly to the fact as those for the present year.

Deception proved tolerably dangerous for the Derby; and if in form, (beyond my power to control), Bloomsbury could not have been far off the Leger; whilst Euclid, very singularly, took up the precise position assigned him in my lucubrations of third at Epsom and second at Doncaster.

Something must be done, if possible, to propitiate the fates, and get quite right again, at any rate, it shall not be for want of trying; so, trusting that the will may be ever taken for the deed, when the deed itself falls short,

"On venturous wing in quest of fame I'll go,
And leave a gazing multitude below."

VATES.

London, 21st Nov., 1839. [Bell's Life.]

ANIMAL MEN AND VEGETABLE MEN.

A writer in the August number of the Knickerbocker, says that it is a favorite theory of his, that there exist two different kind of men, viz., the *animal* and the *vegetable*. The latter he represents as having no more virtue than a cabbage, nor vice than a thistle. He springs up, withers and dies, without physical effort or mental emotion. He instances one of the class thus wise:—

Two friends and brother lawyers of mine were travelling some years since on the "circuit." Their route led them across the sassy hills that form the northern boundary of Alabama, one of the noble rivers of our noble state. These hills, or ridges, however, were as barren and desolate as Arabia and Petræa.—You might plant a Yankee there, and he would not grow! Perhaps, after this assertion, it would be "surplussage" to say that no effort of ingenuity could coax a blade of grass to rear its head above the sterile soil. It was a rainy gloomy day; and after travelling for some time without encountering any signs of human life their hearts were cheered by the sight of "the smoke that gracefully curled," and they knew forthwith, "that a cottage was near." And sure enough there it was. A clumsy, ill-shaped, log-hut, with interstices, or to speak more emphatically, "chinks," wide enough to throw a sizeable bear through.

My friends here dismounted. A fire of pine wood, or "light wood," as it is technically called, blazed in the clay chimney. In one corner of the fireplace was huddled a baker's dozen of "yellow complected brats." A tall gaunt famale, with long uncomed tresses, or bunches of coarse red hair, was seated upon the floor; while in front of the fire, and occupying the only stool in the hovel, sat "the lord of the soil," shivering under the malign influence of a certain ague.

"Good morning, my friend," said one of the visitors, who is celebrated for his politeness and urbanity.

"Morning," was his laconic and echo-like reply, (I believe that it is an incorrect expression). Echo, like a woman, always has the last word.

"Fine situation you have here," resumed my brother attorney.

"Fine h—l," responded the host, "what is it fine for?"

"Why, I should suppose you would have sport here in hunting."

"Then you' suppose a d——d lie! You can't hunt, 'cepting you got somethin' to hunt at kin you."

"No! that's a very clear case; I thought, however, that so near the river, there would be plenty of deer. Still, if it's not good hunting ground, it is a fine place for raising cattle."

"It is, is it! S'posing' the cattle gets in the swamp, and the d——d river 'pon 'em, and the cussed fools don't git out of the way, but git drowned!—how are you gwine to raise 'em then, eh?"

"This certainly is very bad," continued my indefatigable friend; "but there is one comfort to you. If you have not the richest soil, nor the best hunting ground, nor the greenest pasturage, you have what is better than the monarch's diadem, or the highest niche in the temple of Fame; you have health."

"The h—l I have, stranger. Do you see them yellow complected critters n the corner there! Them's got health ain't they? And look at me with this cussed agur shaking my bones into jelly! You call that health don't you!"

"Look here, my friend," exclaimed my brother chip, "answer me this question and I won't ask you another. If you can't get any thing to grow here, and nothing to hunt; and all your cattle get drowned, and your family are all the while sick; why, in the name of common sense, do you not up sticks and walk!"

"Oh; cause the light wood knots are amazin' handy."

A PHILOSOPHICAL LOAFER.

Those who were on the Levee about eleven o'clock on Friday night, might have seen a philosopher. He was not naturally a man of towering genius, of profound thought and great analitical powers. He wasted not the midnight oil in pondering over the axioms of Locke or of Bacon, nor was his face

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

He was not intuitively a deep thinker but he seemed to be intuitively a deep drinker—to have fought fortune many a time and oft, and to have met with some severe blows in the encounters. In a word, fate formed him into a philosopher and considering the material on which she had to work made a tolerably decent kind of a job of it. He was saturated with rain, and his torn clothing hung, or rather stuck upon him, like play-bills on the corners.

"This aint nothing," said our hero, soliloquising as he moved along, maintaining with difficulty his equilibrium. "Cuss me if I regard this rain no how. I do believe if I had a been present when old Noah huddled every body and every thing into his Great Western, I honestly believe I should not have taken a berth in her. In the first place it must have been werry uncomfortable, and in the next place I know I could stand out the storm on my own hook. Water haint no effect on me, and if I could get ever my prejudices against the temperance society and against *cold without*, I would let myself out as a diving bell or submarine machine. But I suppose I would not succeed even in that line; for I'm blowed if the locofocos have tried more experiments to improve the currency than I have to live like a gentleman; and yet it has always been no go with me, I have actually failed oftener than all the banks put together, including the Wild Cat institution, and the Brandon.

"I have gone so far as to try to keep sober a whole day; and what did it amount to! Why, I bust out a laughing when I found myself *as usual* in the arternoon.

"'Bill,' said Jim Robinson when he met me on that 'ere morni—'Bill, is it true you ha' the temperance pledge!'"

"True as preaching," said I.

"That's a good 'un.' said he.

"I'll keep it," said I.

"I'm blowed if you will," said he, "no how you can fix it.'

"Well, time will tell," said I, and so it did, for Bill caught me that same night as jolly as a sailor ashore.

I tried to be a politician—used to holler for the Gin'ral and make speeches about glorious democracy and all that, but as I couldn't get no place I failed at that I went it in the lottery, too, but that wasn't no go—all blanks, no prizes. I inwented a patent medicine, and felt certain of succeeding; it turned out a dead failure, and I was accused of wending poison and had to slope to avoid taking a part, in character, in the musical and much admired trio of *Riding on a Rail*. I was even so persewering that I joined the church and attended camp meetings. But dang me if I didn't always feel so anxious to take a toddy that I couldn't keep the anxious seat no time.

Yet with all my failures I don't never get in no passion, I'm always cool—I'm cool now. Yes, I'm d—d cool, and only for that last stiffner I took wouldn't I be in the worst kind of a fix—I would, there's no mistake about it. Talk of life preservers made of Indian rubber! It's a wulgar error. There aint no life preserver but the ardent. Brandy and water is good, and there aint no mistake in gin and sugar. I speak from experience, as the feller said when he made the same speech the hundredth time.

'Talking of gin and sugar,' said Bill, 'puts me in mind of drinking,' and he tottled off to the next doggery to repeat the dose. yu..

The Farmer.—If there is any situation to be envied in this life, it is that of the farmer—the intelligent, industrious, independent, honest, and contented farmer—who owns his house and his lands, his barns and stock, who is free from debt, and has a family growing up around him in prosperous circumstances. Talk about your independent gentlemen, your starched up gentry—what are they in comparison with the free-hearted, good-natured lords of creation, the farmers? What are their enjoyments—their comforts? They live but to fret out miserable lives of indolence, cursed with ennui, blue devils, and a supposed deficiency of respect from their fellow men. The farmer lives a life of joy, blessed by God and those around them.

WAGNER.

By the arrival yesterday of the packet ship *Shakspeare*, Capt CORNELL, from New Orleans, we have received a superb Portrait in oil of this superb Race Horse, painted by TROYE, in November last, expressly for the "Spirit of the Times." This picture is not only highly finished, but is a most striking and beautiful likeness. Having for some months had a picture of Wagner hanging in our office, which looked no more like him than any other man's horse, the friends of "THE DUKE" and "THE LITTLE SORREL STUD" are invited to call and see *the real thing itself* before it goes into the Engraver's hands.

We take pleasure in informing our Subscribers that our PORTRAITS are rapidly progressing. Over a thousand impressions of the engraving of SHARK have already been struck off, and the requisite number of copies will be ready in the course of two or three weeks. A fine Portrait of HEDGFORD was completed yesterday, and goes into the printers' hands on Monday. The Portrait of MONARCH is to be out of the artists' hands in a fortnight, and several thousand copies of the Portrait of BOSTON are under contract to be delivered to us by the 7th of March!

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Stock of J. C. ROGERS, Esq.—It will be seen, by an advertisement in to-day's paper, that Mr. Rogers, of North Carolina, offers for sale his stud of horses, consisting of some of the very finest breed mares in the Union, and their produce. Among the first is Maria West, the dam of Wagner and Fanny, and Polly Peacham, the dam of Portsmouth and Polly Green. One half of Fanny is also for sale, the other half having been purchased by Col. HAMPTON, of S. C., at $3,500, from Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Va. Mr. Rogers purchased several of the mares at auction, at the sale of the stock of the late DANIEL DUGGER, Esq., of Va., on the 24th of Feb. 1838. Maria West cost him $1,750—Polly Peacham, $1,555—Polly Green, out of the last, $1,700—Fanny, then a yearling, $1,700—her half sister, by Imp. Shakspeare, then a foal, $1000—Portsmouth, then 2 yrs. old, $1,555—a half brother, by Imp. Fylde (Norfolk), then a yearling, $1,020. These prices, at the time, were thought to be good, though not extravagant, but the subsequent performances of Wagner, Portsmouth, Fanny, etc., have increased the value of the stock several hundred per cent. Mary Blunt sold, at 3 yrs old, for $6000, and afterwards ran a good second to *Mingo*, a THIRD heat of four miles in 7:47 There is no better stock in the country, and we regret that so spirited a breeder as Mr. Rogers is obliged, by his extensive engagements as Rail Road Contractor, in another State, to forego the pleasure he would derive from the personal management of his stud.

Another "Black Maria."—KENDALL says "they call the go-cart that transports loafers from the Philadelphia Police Court to the House of Correction the *Black Maria*." We think there is no doubt of her ability to "pack her weight," and "go a distance," like her namesake. What a variety of "riders" she must have carried, and what a number of "purses" *they* must have "taken." There's little danger of her "training off," and beating her at "broken heats" wouldn't be quite as easy as falling off a log!

We are pleased to hear that the "Franklin Farmer," which has been heretofore published at Frankfort, Ky., has been removed to Lexington, and that after the adjournment of the Legislature, it will be conducted by RICHARD PINDELL, Esq., aided by an association of friends. Mr. P. is well known as a spirited and practical breeder, and the columns of this paper have frequently contained the evidence of his ability and intelligence as a writer on those subjects which come within the scope of the "Farmer."

Review of the last English Racing Season.—As an appropriate accompaniment to the list of English Winning Horses in 1839, published in our last, we this week give a review, by "VATES," of their characteristics, style of running, etc, which we commend especially to the attention of breeders and turfmen, as one of the most able and interesting articles, on the subject, we have met with. The writer discusses the various strains of blood most fashionable in England, and illustrates his theories by facts exhibited in the Racing Calendar,—from which the American reader is enabled to see, at a glance, the racing families best adapted for the Turf in this country, where we require ability to go a distance, and carry weight.

A Medoc Stable.—We understand that Mr BURBRIDGE, of Kentucky, who has not been partial to the Medocs heretofore, will have in his stable next season, the following cracks:—Laura, Luda, and Vertner, 4 yrs. old; and a sister to Vertner, 3 yrs. old—all Medocs

Col. CROWELL, of Alabama, claims the name of *Hannah Harris* for his bay yearling filly, own sister to *John Bascombe*. This fine horse, by the bye, is now on his way from Augusta to Kentucky, where he will stand at Versailles, in Woodford Co., at his old price—$100. Col. Crowell has recently disposed of one half of *Robin Hood* for $2500, to Gen. Z. WHITE, of Russell Co., Ala.

Upper Canada St. Leger.—We are pleased to notice that Capt. MAITLAND and his friends have projected a fine annual Stake, to come off during the July meetings at Toronto, over Scarlett's Course. The following are the conditions:—

"Will be run in the July meeting, 1840, on the first day, the Upper Canada 'ST. LEGER STAKES,' of 12*l.* 10s. each, with —— added from the funds of the Jockey Club, for foals dropped in 1837, bred in British North America, and then three years old. Colts to carry 8 st. 3 lbs, fillies 8 st. The second to receive 12*l.* 10s. out of the stakes. Heats, one mile and three quarters. To close and name with the Secretary on or before the first day of May. By order of the Preses and Council. JOHN MAITLAND, Secretary.

"PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS:—G. W. Yarker, H. G. Barnard, and John James.

"Toronto, Jan. 1, 1840."

A Profitable Business.—How much business had we ought to do, to pay expenses, of the kind indicated by the letter annexed?

——, January 2d, 1840.

Dear Sir,—I wish you to advise the racing public through your valuable "Spirit of the Times" and "Sporting Magazine," that the celebrated imported stallion —— will stand the ensuing season at my house. * * * * By so doing you will oblige the racing world, as well as your friend and subscriber,

——— ——— ———.

We shall take the responsibility of *obliging the racing world* after our own fashion. Our correspondent, if ill, would doubtless be *obliged* to his physician for prescribing a cure, or to his lawyer for counsel. We are perfectly willing to oblige him, or any one else, on the same grounds. If he confesses his inability to pay, it shall be cheerfully done without charge—otherwise, we must have our fee.

☞ Our BOSTON SUBSCRIBERS are informed that the "Spirit of the Times'" package of papers of the 11th inst. was lost in the ill-fated *Lexington*. We have since forwarded to the Boston Post Office 15 Nos. of that date (being all that we can spare from the files), with a request to the Postmaster to deliver them to such as may apply. It is hoped that those who do not preserve their numbers for binding will waive their claim, in this instance, in favor of those who do, as we are unable to furnish a fifth part of the numbers required to supply *all* our subscribers in that city.

We have just received from the Secretary of the "North Mississippi Jockey Club," at Holly Springs, a detailed report of the late meeting, but as it corresponds with a report published in this paper on the 11th inst., we have thought it unnecessary to insert it. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club:—ANDREW L. MARTIN, Esq, President; Maj. A. R. GOVAN and Capt. GEO. A. WILSON, Vice Presidents; Col. H. HARRIS, Secretary and Treasurer; Maj. JOS. W. CHALMERS and Dr. JAS. G. CHISHOLM, Timers.

Louisiana Shooting.—The editor of "The Picayune" acknowledges the receipt of a letter from Pattersonville, in the Parish of St. Mary's, informing him of a recent deer hunt there, in which five gentlemen, in five days, killed eighteen deer—most of them large bucks, and weighing about 2,700 lbs. nett.

What it is to be an Editor!—The following extract is from a letter just received from a sporting friend in Texas.

Dear Sir,—I will write you again very soon, and give you all the sporting items that we may have in our new country. From the disposition manifested, and the great interest already created, I think our infant "Star" is destined to occupy quite a respectable stand in the "Sporting World" We have a large increase to our club at Galveston, and number now about 120, good and true. I have a very fine *Mustang* filly and colt, which I have *lassooed* for you, and will endeavor to send the filly in the first good conveyance to New York, with some Buffalo tongues. The colt would scarcely be worth the trouble of sending, but I should like to see the experiment made of breeding the filly to some good horse. She is a fine bay without white, dark legs and hoofs.

In great haste, yours truly, "NED HAZARD."

Yankee Horses and Papers.—The London "SPORTING REVIEW," a "monthly chronicle of the Turf, the Chase, and Rural Sports in all their varieties," contains the following notice of *John Bascombe* and the "Spirit":—

JOHN BASCOMBE, *engraved by Dick, from a Painting by E. Troye.*—We are indebted to the proprietors of the "New York Spirit of the Times" for a very well executed steel engraving, in line, of this crack of the New World.—Bascombe is a Yankee racer, and no mistake; his sire being the celebrated Bertrand (by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, by imported Bedford), out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, by imported Citizen. It is impossible to look at this engraving without being struck by the highly oriental character it represents. Notwithstanding his genealogy is of the English blood-horse, on both sire and dam's side, he gives us as completely the idea of the native Arab as the purest of the species we have ever seen. What a curious speculation it were to attempt accounting for this peculiarity! Why has Harkaway the unquestionable characteristics of the ordinary Irish race!—we cannot answer the question. It *is* so; thus far our knowledge reaches, and there it ends. John Bascombe was a very gallant winner at all distances; his grand achievement being that in which he beat Col. W. Hampton's Argyle, in a post match, 17,000 dollars to his 15,000 dollars, four-mile heats; winning in 7 min. 44 sec., and distancing his antagonist.

In another number, the Editor ["Craven"] thus alludes to the "Spirit":—

Chance placed in our hands, this morning at breakfast, "The New York Spirit of the Times." We are often indebted to that most excellent miscellany for many a pleasant literary scrap. Europe certainly can boast no journal to compete with it for amusing small-talk.

AUGUSTA (Ga) RACES, HAMPTON COURSE.

Our correspondent writes that the races over the *Hampton Course* commenced on Tuesday, the 14th inst. In every respect the meeting was dull beyond precedent; the weather was delightful, and the track in superb order.

MONDAY, Jan. 13, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. —— subs. at $1000 each, h. ft., declaration $125. Mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin..... walked over.

The other nominations declared off.

TUESDAY, Jan. 14—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $20, 2 yr. olds to carry 77lbs.—3, 90—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... *Henry*.	1	1
Smith & Townes' b. c. *A. J. Lawson*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Kitty Fisher by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:01—4:05.

Betting, 2 to 1 on Alice Ann. The colt led off, and kept in front for the first mile, which was done in 1:54, Alice close up; passing him before he made the first turn in the last round, the old mare continued to lead, and won the heat very handily. In the second heat, Alice made play from the start, and finished the race in pretty good style, though the colt fought bravely.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent. $30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... *Robin*.	1	1
Colclough & Co.'s gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 5:59—5:56.

The weather to-day was wet and showery, which tended in some degree to diminish the attendance. Mary Elizabeth was the favorite at 100 to 75. Omega made play at a fair pace, and was some thirty yards ahead at the half mile post, when Robin called upon the filly, went up in fine style, and before they came to the distance stand, she collared the mare; they came in the first round lapped in 1:55; the filly gave the mare the go by on the first turn, continued to lead under a swinging pull, and came in, winning the heat by about 20 yards. The 2d heat was "a case of open and shut." The winner was bred by her present owner, and stands about 15½ hands high; she is well put up, and has fine speed and lasting properties.

Our correspondent's report of the 3d and 4th days has miscarried. A friend at Augusta writes that Col. HAMPTON'S *Santa Anna* won the purse for Four mile heats, beating *Gerow* and *Cavalier Servente*, in 7.58—7:57.

The race at Mile heats, best 3 in 5, was won by *Alice Ann*, beating Ajarrah Harrison.

GALVESTON (Texas) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The first meeting of the Galveston Jockey Club commenced on Monday, the 23d December, and continued six days; governed by the rules of the Metarie Jockey Club, at New Orleans.

Officers of the Club:—Meschall Menard, Esq., President; Geo. W. Hockley, Esq., 1st Vice President; Levi Jones, Esq., 2d Vice President; Edwin B. Settle, Esq. Treasurer and Secretary; E. McLane and Thomas Bates, Esqrs., Timers.

MONDAY, Dec. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Sub. $200 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Shelby Smith's b. m. *Charlotte Hill*, by Hephestion, dam by Cook's Whip, aged.....	1	1
Thomas F. McKinney's ch. h *Osceola*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Thomas J. Green's (Mr. Jarvis') bl. h *George Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mulatto Mary, 5 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 2:05—2:11.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24—Post Stake for all ages, weights as before; Five subs. at $1000 each, $300 ft. Two mile heats.

Gen. Thos. J. Green's ch. g. *Colorado*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs..	2	1	1
David Randon's ch. h. *Sam Houston*, by Kosciusko, dam by Aratus, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2

Time, 4:17—4:12—4:19.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Shelby Smith's ch. f. *Labella Combs*, by Andrew, dam by Director.....	1
Thos. F. McKinney's b. c. *African Peter*, by Andrew.....	dist.

Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25—Jockey Club Purse $500, weights as on Monday; Two mile heats.

Shelby Smith's ch. f. *Labella Combs*, pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Willis Alston's (Dr. R. W. Withers') br. f. *Fyldina*, by Imp. Fylde, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:16—4:20.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstake Mule Race; Six subs. at $25 each, P.P. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John A. Settle's bl. h. *Thunderbolt*.....	2	1	1	1
E. McLane's b. m. *Fanny*.....	1	2	2	2
Edwin B. Settle's b. h. *Old Chase*.....	6	6	6	3
Jones & Taylor's *Belzebub*.....	*	*	*	*
Fred. Schumacher's *Jenny-go-nimble*.....	*	*	*	*
Aug. M. Tompkins' (John Michael's) *Stonehanker*.....	*	*	*	*

Time, 3:20—3:15—3:07—3:09. * Not placed.

THURSDAY, Dec. 26—Jockey Club Purse $700, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Gen. T. J. Green's ch. g. *Colorado*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Shelby Smith's b. m. *Charlotte Hill*, " " aged.....	1	2	dr

Time, 6:40—6:47.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $600 a side, One mile.

A. J. Cody's ch. g. *Honest John*, by Leviathan.....	1
Edwin B. Settle's ch. g. *Romeo*, by Wild Bill.....	2

Time, 2:10.

FRIDAY, Dec. 27—Jockey Club Purse $1200, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

David Randon's gr g. *John Anderson*, by Pacific—Matilda by Grey-tail, 6 yrs. *Lem.*	1
Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. h. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, 6 yrs. *Jack.*	dist.

Time, 8:24.

Henry Moore was only ten days off a travel of 800 or 1000 miles, and of course in no sort of order. Indeed, so opposed was his faithful friend, Mr. Van Leer, to his running, that he objected to taking him to the track, but said "he would send him."

SATURDAY, Dec. 28—Proprietor's Purse $500, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5

David Randon's gr. g. *John Anderson*, pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	1	3	1	1
Shelby Smith's ch. f. *Labella Combs*, pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	1	2	2
Gen. T. J. Green's b. h. *Kieber*, by Bertrand, out of Oscarina, 5 yrs.....	2	2	3	3

Time, 2:01—1:59—2:00—2:01.

Our track was very heavy, from repeated hard rains, and about 20 feet over a mile, which accounts for the slow time.

Galveston, 4th Jan., 1840. EDWIN B. SETTLE, *Secretary*.

THE BOSTON AND WAGNER MATCH.

WASHINGTON CITY, January 15, 1840.

Dear P.—I have heard much talk to-day of the match in contemplation between *Boston* and *Wagner*. Who would not like to see the respective qualities of these noble racers tested—the skill and science of their several owners and managers—each and all of them conquerors upon so many hard-fought fields? What is it that prevents the closing of this match? Boston has made a liberal challenge, and the only obstacle urged as yet by the Campbell party (the impossibility of having "OLD CHARLES" to train their horse,) certainly seems to be somewhat superficial; for, indeed, I should not be surprised if Wagner should have a much better chance of winning without Charles than with him. Charles may be a very good trainer, but to my notion, he trains too hard; his plan seems to be either to start a horse in "tip-top kelter," or not to start him at all, having broke him down, or knocked him off his feet and feed in the training.

I don't know that this is so, but so it appeared to me, from observing the exercise which he gave Wagner a week or so previous to his first appearance at New Orleans; and if he pursued the same system throughout the season as he did for that short period, I think that the standing of it entitles "the Sorrel Stud" to as much, if not more, credit, than his subsequent splendid career. Be this as it may, however, the Louisville race certainly goes to show that there *are others* besides Old Charles who can make a tolerably hard customer of him for some, anyhow; and if the match comes off on a muddy track, and he's stripped on the day in the same plight as he was on that occasion, I raythe think that those folks who know Boston by his *white nose*, will scarcely be able to recognise him after the race—at least, without the aid of a little soap and water!

How is the "pride of the West"—*Grey Eagle!* Has he entirely recovered from his accident! The *suckers* may talk about Boston and Wagner, but if ever he meets one, or both of them in sailing trim, and with a boy up strong enough to hold him, he'll make 'em see a'most as many stars falling for the length of time, as that christian did that Isaiah Watson hit between the eyes with the bottle of peppers, in the oyster-house, at Grand Gulf—now mind, I tel you.

A MISSISSIPPIAN.

EIGHTH OF JANUARY DOINGS AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 9, 1840.

"*Dear Spirit,*"—"Beautiful Spirit!" "Spirit of health!" and "Spirit of the Times!" I am an idle fellow—I have been this evening looking at Masaniello in the St. Charles, I have heard an overture in the French, I have lounged through a cotillion in the Camp street ball-room, and here I am after a solitary supper, smoking my solitary cigar, in my solitary apartment. I have been thinking of the moon and stars and the world of dreams, reveries, hobgoblins and spirits, and a fancy entered my head, how pleasant it would be to carry on an epistolary correspondence with some ærial nothing. I glanced at the last number of the "Spirit of the Times" lying on my table, and seized my pen. Don't understand me to say you are an "ærial nothing." Nothing is farther from my thoughts. No, but the sight of your paper seemed to convey to me an answer to my wish, and it said to me as plain as a spirit can speak, "I am a spirit, correspond with me."

Come, I will tell you all about our *Eighth of January Doings*. The old warrior of the silver head got here at mid-day, and the "spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," the ragged banners of 1815, the gorgeous standards of 1840, all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious New Orleans, turned out to receive "The People's Guest."

New York may be justly proud of her military volunteer companies, but there is this about the military of New Orleans, which pleases my fancy greatly. With the strictest discipline, they unite an off-hand carelessness of manner, which one would suppose was only to be acquired by actual service. There is more variety, too, in the costumes of the different companies. The choicest specimens of uniform, of almost every nation in the known world, are to be seen among the volunteer corps of New Orleans.

Well, the General was escorted from the steamboat to the State House, from the State House to the public square in front of the Cathedral. (That old Cathedral is one of the most romantic, and delightfully dilapidated structures you can well imagine. Find an old romance, and read a description of the Baron's Castle, and there you have the Cathedral of New Orleans). The General reviewed the troops, was conducted to splendid apartments prepared for him in the St. Louis Hotel, and in the evening he attended *The Temple*. The Temple is the polite, the classic name for the St. Charles Theatre. There were present at least twenty-five hundred, and probably three thousand persons. I am not one of your familiar people among the Corps Dramatique, and cannot speak learnedly touching this point, but all your Kean rows, your Anderson rows, and your Wood rows, never drew such an audience within the walls of the Park.

The old soldier entered the theatre about eight o'clock, and was conducted with his suite into one of the stage boxes decorated (of course) with flags for his reception. "Laugh when you can," was the comedy; Barrett playing Gossamer, and well he plays it. Little enthusiasm was evinced until the curtain fell on the act, when the orchestra struck up "Hail Columbia," and the house broke out in one loud cheer of welcome to the "Defender of New Orleans."

The curtain rose again, and J. M. Field, originally I believe from New York, came forward to deliver an address prepared for the occasion. Field is a young man of very remarkable ability. The address was one of the finest, the very finest thing of the kind I ever heard. None of your common, namby pamby, holiday nonsense, but a neat, classic, little poem, composed of the true material, and breathing the pure spirit of poesy. The silver-haired soldier was sensibly touched by it, and as Mr Field left the stage, he remarked to a friend at his side, while he wiped a tear from his eye, "*I should like to shake that young man by the hand.*" Field was sent for the next day, and breakfasted with the Hero of New Orleans, the ex-president of these United States, and the adored of some millions of free born men.

My cigar is almost out.

SONNET TO A CIGAR.

Puff! Gentle principe how well you—puff—
Drive from my thoughts all melancholy stuff!
Puff as I view your curling smoke ascend—
Puff, puff—it seems to me all cares that grieve me,
All bitter thoughts and lonely sorrows leave me,
And thou art—puff—my very dearest friend.
Puff—thus to—puff—forever were enough,
And I could live with but this one desire
Content through all days. Let others snuff,
And chew, (confound the ashes) but to fire
The fancy, fire a good cigar, and draw,
And—puff—you'll find all troubles put to rout,
And life will all be—pooh—confound it—pshaw!
Pooh! What's the matter? D—n the thing! Its out!

Yours, PHAZMA.

A Day after the Fair.—A large number of Mobilians, who started for the purpose of being here at the celebration of the 8th, never arrived until 11 o'clock on Wednesday night. The way they did talk hard about their ill luck was awful. Sorry. N. O. Picayune

FOX HUNTING.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22, 1840.

MR. PORTER,—If you think the following account of a Fox Chase, in the olden time, worthy of a place in your columns, insert it; if not, throw it under your table. Here it is.

A CHASE LONG SINCE.

When I was quite a lad, and in the counting-house of Mr. MACDONALD, of Baltimore, I received an order to eat an early breakfast, mount a horse, and proceed to Fell's Point, and then and there paint "G. H." on each hogshead of tobacco, of a cargo then being shipped. I was off according to orders, mounted on as good a bit of blood as any in the city, and I could carry him over as high a fence as any youth of my age. I use the word *carry* in the Virginia acceptation of it. But to my story.

In crossing the bridge over Jones's Falls I came upon old BROWN, Mr. OLIVER'S huntsman and his ten couple of hounds. The very sight of the veteran electrified me, for he had, at all times, a sporting air about him, but at that moment to my eye, he looked almost divine. He wore a drab frock, plush shorts, top boots which strapped above the knee, and a burnished horn hung from his neck and rested on his side, just below his bridle arm, and his fresh complexion set him off to great advantage. Take him all in all he was, to my mind, the very beau ideal of a huntsman. From Brown I learned that a party of gentlemen would breakfast with COL. O'DONNEL at Canton, and that a fine fox would be turned out and hunted. The thought crossed my brain that I could go to Fell's Point, mark Tobacco enough to keep the people at work, and visit Canton in time to see the hounds laid on. The resolve once made, away I went, with the flight of a bird. I worked hard and was at Canton gate in time to see Reynard shook from his bag. In twenty minutes Brown came out with his hounds, followed by Col. O'Bonnel and his guests. The pack was thrown off and soon settled to the trail, but the scent laid low and the dogs had to pick it along for half a mile. It gradually grew warmer and a burst soon followed. We had, however, only time to hear old Brown cheer on his pack with "away with him, rogues, away with him," before we found ourselves floundering in a ravine too broad to leap and saddle skirt deep in mud. But what could the matter be? All was dead silence, save the voice of Brown, who had reached his hounds, and was casting back. "Cast back, my beauties," said Brown, and back went the pack. "Try for him, now, sweet bitch, Vixen!—try for him—try for him, all!" But all would not do.

Mr. Oliver now ordered B. to cast his dogs wide and forward, and in doing so we popped upon a man with a kind of knapsack on his back, and a gun in his hand. "Have you seen the fox?" enquired one of our party. "*Fax?*" was the reply. "Yes," said the gentleman, "have you seen the fox?" *Que! est Fax!*" said the man.

Now it happened that one of the hunt was a little of a French scholar and asked the man if he had seen Reynard? "*Reynard! oui—voila,*" said he, pointing with his left thumb over his left shoulder—"voila," said he, and sure enough *there he was—his hind feet peeping from the bag!* Great God! he had shot our fox and bagged him!

The scene which followed may be imagined but cannot be described. Your own WASHINGTON IRVING could not do justice to it. There stood a poor little starving of a Frenchman just from St. Domingo, surrounded by more than twenty enraged horsemen cursing him in tones and cadences from the screech owl down to the under notes of a bull-frog. The little Frenchman, not understanding a word of English, stood it all with perfect composure, and it was not until our French scholar pronounced, through his clenched teeth, the words "*sacre foutre,*" that he was made acquainted with the extent of the injury he had done us. Poor devil, he now hopped from side to side like a caged bird always tendering the dead fox to the last loud speaker. After heaping a whirlwind of abuse upon him he was permitted to depart, and so ends the chase, but not my story.

One Saturday afternoon in the following July I took my gun, called up my pointer dog, and posted off to Moll Rolands' Swamp, a game spot, west of the city. I had bagged some five or six brace of cock, and was beating for the last bird marked in, when a rustling in the bushes to my right made me look that way, and to my surprise there was our little Frenchman—our "Monsieur Tonson come again!" He did not see me; indeed, he saw nothing but a bird, vulgarly called "a fly-up the-creek," perched on a dead tree. He raised his gun, and off it went, and off went the bird, but I brought him down with one of my barrels, and gave him to the Frenchman. This poor little starving, in picking up vegetables, and other eatables, at the farm houses round about the city, had picked up a share of English, and could now make himself understood. On our way back to the city he gave me his history. It was a tale of woe and great suffering. I pressed a trifle on him—it was all I had with me—and we parted for the last time.

G.

THE TALLULAH BOAT CLUB.

This association, composed of young gentlemen of our city, was founded last May.

The principal objects of its formation are—to improve the art of rowing by practice and example, and to perfect the models of boats by experiment.

There are 25 members.

Their first boat—*The Ariel*, was received in July last. She is a six oared clinker built boat, 36½ feet long, and 4 feet 3 inches wide, and is the barge of *The Club*. She was formerly the property of the "Amateur Boat Club" in New York.

The second boat—*The Tallulah*, was received by the Club last month, and is considered their *crack* boat, and therefore bears the name of the Club. She was built by General Charles Floyd, who views her as his *chef d'œuvre*.

Her length (over all) not including projection of stern post.	36	feet 10 inches.
Her length of keel	36	"
Her width at centre (from outside to outside of gunwales).	3	" 11½ "
Her width at stern	1	" 2 "

The Tallulah has six oars and is made out of a single tree, of the lightest and best kind of yellow Cypress, perfectly sound and seasoned.

Her model and finish do honor to the taste and skill of General Floyd.

The third boat—*The Savannah*, (just received) is a four oared clinker built boat, 32 feet long, and built by Shamburg, of New York, and is pronounced one of his best models.

The Club have a good boat-house on the opposite bank of the river, 50 feet long by 25 feet wide, with ways in front to low water mark.

A set of colors for each boat is all that is required to complete their arrangements. Will the young ladies of Savannah, who smile upon the "Lords of creation" in all their manly and honorable pursuits, permit the Club to purchase these necessary decorations?

The citizen soldiers of Georgia's ancient seaport march under the banners of their respective Corps, wrought by the hands of the fair; and as they wave in the breeze, they present to their followers an emblem of woman's faith in the manly courage of their devoted protectors.

Let tasteful banners, spread to the battle breeze, cheer the youthful combatants in those contests for speed which this association encourages, and excite the rowers, as the *cynosure* the sailor, leading them to the haven of quiet and ease.

The Tallulah Club, we learn, contemplate a regatta in February, and we doubt not will enlist all their energies to make it interesting to the sex, whom they delight to honor.

Savannah Georgian.

We copy the following paragraph on "Clipping Horses," from the London (Old) Sporting Magazine for December.

Clipping Horses.—I know of few modern improvements in the treatment of horses so great as that of taking off the rough coat of a horse that is required to do much work; and, if it be done early in the winter—some time, for instace, during the month of November—not only is there no danger, in nine cases out of ten, of his taking cold, but the benefit he will derive from it will generally be surprising to those who have not been accustomed to witness its good effects. A horse with a long rough coat, that defied the art of man to dry after it was once well wetted, and whose fate was accordingly to remain cold and comfortless for hours, will, after having been clipped, absolutely dry in the short space of ten minutes, even after sharp work; and, what is of still greater consequence, dry will he remain, without the slightest chance of his breaking out into a sweat. Oh! the delights of bringing in your favourite hack or hunter after a smart gallop, and finding him dry and comfortable, and ready for his grub, hours before he would have touched a morsel with his thick and saturated coat hanging about him; to say nothing of groom's labour saved and time gained! I am certain that those who once adopt the system of clipping their horses on the approach of winter, if their coats be long, will never after be ready to acknowledge the incalculable advantages obtained by it, let those who rail against it on the score of its being unnatural, and of the new coat appearing late in the spring, say what they will.

HINTS TO TRAINERS, JOCKIES, ETC.

In the December number of "The Sportsman," a London periodical, we find accompanying a memoir of the celebrated Irish mare *Cruiskeen*, several valuable suggestions to Trainers, which will be read with interest and profit on this side of the Atlantic. We trust ere long the fact may be demonstrated that the English turfmen and sporting writers have underrated the skill and judgment of American Trainers, as well as American Horses. They know little or nothing of preparing a horse for a long race and heats, as we believe they will be obliged to acknowledge, if *Boston* or *Fanny* should cross the Atlantic, as we have every reason to hope and anticipate that they will, during the ensuing season.

If training cannot be considered as a science exactly, it may be fairly regarded as a system which has attained greater perfection in this country than in any other part of the world. Racing is a genuine English pastime; if not indigenous, identified at least with the manners and habits of the people; and as it has been uniformly patronized by the wealthy and influential classes, their fostering support has been perseveringly seconded by the various grades of the community, whilst those into whose hands the care of the noble animal who forms the principal feature in the picture, or rather perhaps the leading object of attraction, ardently attached to their avocation, have uniformly manifested the most unsparing attention to the attainment of their object—the condition of the racer.

Persons practically unacquainted with the detail of the training stable, can form no idea of the strict attention, systematic regularity, and almost incessant labor, which are deemed requisite, in order that its equine inmates may appear at the starting post with every possible advantage from what is well understood by the term *condition;* which indicates, when correctly explained, tendon as full and as hard as possible, muscle equally so, but utterly divested of fat, accompanied by the most vigorous health, and the most persevering if not the most impetuous spirit. Fat is opposed to the principle of speed, though a racer can never have too much muscle as long as it is entirely divested of this unctuous substance. Trainers, however, seldom run into the error of loading their nags with fat; on the contrary, they are apt to draw them too fine, and when a horse has been overtrained, he comes to the starting post necessarily weak, disgusted perhaps, racers being thus occasionally rendered restive—such was the case with that promising young nag, the Athenian, for instance; to say nothing of the more recent instance of Crucifix.

Yet our trainers, whatever may be their errors, stand pre-eminent in their profession; the Americans, inheriting the darling passion of their progenitors, have spared neither pains or expense for the improvement of their racers; they have procured many of our best horses, they have bred numerously for half a century, and yet their racing establishment, taking it in the aggregate, is still in its infancy. In the first place the Americans labor under great disadvantage as to training ground, having none of that elastic moorland turf so grateful to the feet of the racer, and upon which he is trained in this country from one end to the other; and for which ground turned up by the plough (as in America) forms but a very poor, indeed a very miserable, substitute. Ploughing the ground renders it soft, and thus prevents the concussion on the fore feet, which otherwise must necessarily take place; but inasmuch as it possesses no flexible repelling quality, it must impede the progressive motion of the horse—in some degree at least—however thinly the plough may have skimmed the surface of the ground.

Then, again, the American grooms are inferior, far inferior, to those of Great Britain: and although offers have been repeatedly made (which appeared to hold out prospects of great advantage) to the grooms of this country, few have been tempted to cross the Atlantic, and even those who visited the Western World, returned for the most part very much dissatisfied.—In training the racer the Americans use Indian corn; it has not been found to answer in this country.

The French have been more successful in regard to the importation of grooms, Englishmen having the direction of nearly, if not all, the racing establishments in France: we must therefore infer that French politeness is found more agreeable than the rough republicanism of the United States. The French are not essentially a racing people, their monarch, Louis Philippe, is not partial to the amusement of the course; but being anxious for the improvement of the horses of his country, he perceived the establishment of races calculated to promote the object he had in view, and on that account he has not only appeared as a patron of the system, but procured many of our horses also.

In Germany, races have been established for some time; the Germans have imported many horses, and racing may be said to be on the increase in that part of the continent; yet they produce no superior nags—racing is not the genius of the country.

The English groom is fond of his avocation; he is anxious that his nags should appear as blooming as possible, and he spares neither attention nor exertion for the accomplishment of his object. Practice has taught him that a warm stable is indispensable for the well-being of the racer, and this is a part of the system of training to which neither the Americans nor the Germans pay sufficient attention: they do not seem to be aware that as the horse attains the greatest perfection under the almost scorching heat of an eastern sun, he must necessarily suffer from the influence of a cool or frigid atmosphere; but such is the case. The racer, if placed in a cool stable, soon exhibits its pernicious effects—in his restlessness, his indisposition to lie down, and particularly in the length and staring appearance of his coat. He cannot acquire condition under such circumstances; his muscle will become flabby and porous, and consequently the animal must feel more severely the operation of external air, and be rendered more susceptible of disease

If we look at the Jockeys of this country, we shall find that they are equally conspicuous for their superiority. An observation applied to trainers is equally applicable in this case. We remarked that trainers were apt to draw their nags too fine, so it may be said that jockeys, or at least some of them, fall into the error of making too much bustle, and thus preventing the very effect they were desirous to produce. A jockey cannot sit too steadily on his horse: such was the opinion of a man who may be styled the former of the modern school of jockeyship,—we allude to the celebrated Chifney, who unfortunately (and very undeservedly, we believe) incurred the displeasure of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and was thence doomed to neglect and poverty. Chifney was the best race-rider of his time, and his opinion was, as we have already stated, that a jockey should sit as steadily as possible; yet his notions will bear examination no further. Speaking of the setting to, he stated that to sit down on the saddle, after having continued to ride, or bear the whole weight on the fore legs, eased the horse. The fact is, that jockeys do not, nor cannot, ride or bear the whole weight on the horse's fore legs; the jockey's position is to take the horse fast by the head, stand in the stirrups (foot home) and grasp firmly with the knees; the hands may rest on the withers, but it does not thence result that the whole weight of the rider should be borne on the fore legs; so far from this being the case, the firm foot in the stirrup, and the adhesive grasp of the knee prevents any undue pressure on the fore legs. In regard to setting to, if too much bustle is made, it must retard rather than increase the speed of the horse, which we think we have seen exemplified more than once, in Darling, in W. Scott, in Conolly, and others, and particularly in the son of the celebrated Chifney mentioned above. Robinson, the great master of the art under consideration, we consider as three pounds at least superior to any of his brotherhood. Horses are not unfrequently impeded in their progressive motion by the injudicious and unmerciless use of the whip and spurs. Sluggish horses require the application of the persuaders, but they should be used with judgment; with a free-going nag, severe punishment must be highly injurious—a touch with the steel near the finish of a closely-contested struggle, may perhaps answer the purpose, but for what may be called the systematic and savage application of the steel and the lash, we entertain an invincible antipathy. The horse, though far inferior on the score of sagacity to the elephant, and the various ramifications of the dog, is nevertheless aware when he is unnecessarily or too severely punished. Clinton, a little short-legged chesnut horse, having been whipped and spurred freely by Spring (his rider) testified his dislike to the man ever afterwards: he would not allow Spring to give him a canter prior to starting, and when Spring attempted it, the horse generally contrived to throw him, as we have witnessed; in consequence, one of the stable boys was placed upon him for this purpose; and even when at length, with the assistance of two persons (one on each side of his head) he was got to the starting post with his jockey on his back, he went off in a very savage manner, and ran as unkindly as possible. Scott punished Mundig in his successful race for the Derby most unsparingly, but we are not aware that he ever rode him afterwards; in fact Mundig was destroyed as a racer by that very struggle. The celebrated Plenipotentiary, after his race for the Doncaster St. Leger, could never afterwards endure the presence of Conolly. Aware of the extraordinary powers of Plenipo, Conolly had betted heavily on him, and was no doubt much surprised when he rode him for this stake, to find that the horse was not in his own form, whether from the administration of laudanum, or from being otherwise "doctor'd," to use a favorite expression of John Scott, is not for us to say; but, provoked at the prospect of losing his money, Conolly applied the persuaders most unsparingly, and the horse did not forget the unnecessary punishment; whenever afterwards Conolly came into the stable, Plenipo became excited, and would have repaid the punishment with interest had he been able to reach the object of his unconquerable aversion.

Having noticed the superior management of the English trainers, and the superior horsemanship of the jockeys of this country, we will take leave to remark that the system pursued in the breeding stud is very defective, particularly in regard to the mare. During the training and the racing career of the mare, she is fed unsparingly; means are adopted to produce and continue appetite, and the very best food (containing the greatest quantity of nutriment in the smallest space) is carefully provided for her; when she takes her exercise she is well clothed to secure her against the injurious influence of a climate so different from that whence her progenitors were originally derived; the stable temperature is regulated with the greatest nicety, so as to suit her physiology or nature; in fact, the most undeviating attention is paid, in every form, to her well-being and her vigorous health; yet she no sooner becomes a brood mare than all attention ceases, and she is disregarded, unless to run in the paddock be considered all the attention necessary; and that it is so considered is evident from the generality, or indeed it may be said the uniformity, of the system. And what is this paddock? An inclosure, neither calculated to protect the animal from the frigid breath of winter, nor the flies in summer; it is true a shed is erected for the accommodation of the mare, into which she will creep perhaps during the heat of summer, to shelter herself from the torment of the insects just mentioned, but which only answers the purpose to a limited extent; while in winter she will seldom enter the shed for protection against the weather, but turn her quarters towards the wind, and thus receive the ungenial blast: the effect of which is rendered painfully manifest in the length and unsightly appearance of the coat, the loss of muscle, and the general depression of the system and drooping of the spirits. How different in the appearance of the brood mare to that which she presented when on the course! We are well aware that neither the exercise nor the quantity of food is requisite in one case which is deemed essential in the other; but that the brood mare should not be utterly neglected is our position; that she should be protected from the injurious influence of the weather and well fed, we assert without the fear of satisfactory contradiction—or can healthy vigorous stock be reasonably expected?

JONES' FIGHT.

Col. DICK JONES was decidedly the great man of the little village of Summerville. He was Colonel of the Regiment—he had represented his district in Congress—he had been spoken of as candidate for Governor—he was at the head of the Bar in Hawkins County, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population—his dress and taste was law to the juniors—his easy, affable, and attentive manner charmed all the matrons—his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies—and his suavity and condescension delighted the little boarding-school misses,—he possessed a universal smattering of information—his manners were the most popular; extremely friendly and obliging, lively and witty, and, in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted that Col. Dick Jones was professionally more specious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit.—That his taste and dress were of questionable propriety; for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting shirt white fringed, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing.—And in manners and deportment, there was an air of harmless (true Virginia bred and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which though not to be admired, yet it gave piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the Colonel boarded at the Eagle Hotel—his office, in the square, fronted the Court-house—he was a manager of all the Balls—he was Vice President of the Summerville Jockey Club—he was trustee of the Female Academy—he gallanted the old ladies to church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun, and escorted the young ladies, at night, to the dances or parties, always bringing out the smallest ones. He rode a high-headed, proud-looking sorrel horse, with a streak down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse swap, a race, a rifle match, or a cock-fight.

It so chanced, on a time, though Col. Jones was one of the best natured of men, that he took umbrage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county and one of his districts, to the effect that he had been a federalist during the last war; and, instead of relying on the fact of his being a school-boy on Mill Creek at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table, that the next time he went over the mountain to Court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the slander, should either sign a *liebill*, fight, or run.

This became narrated through the town,—the cause and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriarchs of the place, who generally came to the conclusion that the Col. had good cause of quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honorable man could stand. The young store boys of the village became greatly interested, conjectured how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers, and young M.D.'s, as often as they were in the Colonel's company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions, the Colonel spoke carelessly and banteringly. Some good old ladies spoke deprecatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies, and little misses, bless their dear little innocent souls, they only consulted their own kind hearts, and were satisfied that he must be a wicked and bad man that Col. Jones would fight.

Spring term of the Courts came on, and the lawyers all started on their circuit, and, with them, Col. Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive to the consequences of this trip, and, without much communion or understanding on the subject, most of the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure, or noticed it from a distance, and he rode off gaily saluting his acquaintances, and raising his hat to the ladies, on both sides of the street, as he passed out of town.

From that time, only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summerville, and on the third day the common salutation was, "Any news from over the mountain?" "Has any one come down the road?" The fourth, fifth and sixth came, and still the public anxiety was unappeased; it had, with the delay, became insufferable, quite agonizing; business and occupation was at a stand still; a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country lest news of the fight might arrive in their absence. People, in crossing the square or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned up that road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bed-time, hoping some one would return from court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bother's conjecture. I watched the road from Louisville two days, to hear of Grey Eagle beating Wagner, on which I had $100 staked, of borrowed money, and no one came, though, before that, some person passed every hour.

On the seventh morning, the uneasy public were consoled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day, as Court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be that nothing was to be attended to until they were satisfied about the fight. Storekeepers and their clerks, sadlers, hatters, cabinet-makers, and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the bar-keeper would scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle bags, who had called for breakfast; when suddenly a young man, that had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, thought he saw dust away up the road, and stopped. I have been told a man won a wager, in Philadelphia, on his collecting a crowd by staring, without speaking, at an opposite chimney. So no sooner was this young man's *point* noticed than there was a general reconnoissance of the road made, and, before long, doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the Colonel's old sorrel riding horse, General Jackson, by the blaze on his face.

In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the Court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the Eagle Hotel, and nearly all were present by the time Col. Jones alighted. He had a pair of

dark green specks on, his right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist, his left hand held the bridle, and the forefinger of it wrapped with a linen rag "with care." One of his ears was covered with a muslin scrap, that looked much like the countrywomen's plan of covering their butter when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his beard was unshorn, it being "too delicate an affair," as * * * said about his wife's character. His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that the negro was only a white well pummelled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a bee-hive.

The Colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim "the conquering hero," but his affability was undiminished, and he addressed them with, "Happy to see you, gents; how are you all?" and then attempted to enter the tavern; but Buck Daily arrested him with, "Why, Colonel, I see you have had a skrimmage. How did you make it? You didn't come out at the little *eend* of the horn, did you?" "No, not exactly, I had a tight fit of it, though. You know Bill Patterson, he weighs 175 lbs., has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wild cat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man I assure you. Well, my word was out to lick him; so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the Court-house door, and, to give him a white man's chance, I proposed alternatives to him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *lie bill*, and he was not good at running, so he thought he had best fight. By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off, and took him in the burr of the ear that raised a singing in his head, that made him think he was in Musquitoe town. At it we went, like killing snakes, so good a man, so good a boy; we had it round and round, and about and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log chain. Judge Mitchell was on the Bench, and as soon as the cry of "fight" was raised, the Bar and Jury ran off and left him. He shouted, "I command the peace," within the Court-house, and then ran out to see the fight, and cried out, "I can't prevent you!" "fair fight!" "stand back!" and he caught Parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who, he thought, was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet. It was the evenest and longest fight ever fought; every body was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was" (*here he made an effort to enter the tavern*). But several voices called out, "Which whipped? How did you come out?" "Why, much as I tell you, we had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at rastle, but he would manage some way, to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez, under the hill, in the days of Dad Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my gouging was beautiful; one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink bottle, only, as the fellow said, describing the jackass by the mule, it is more so. But, in fact, there was no great choice between us, as you see. I look like having ran into a bush-fence of a dark night. So we made it round and round, and about and about" (*Here again he attempted a retreat into the tavern*). But many voices demanded, "Who hollored?" "Which gave up?" "How did you hurt your hand?" "Oh! I forgot to tell you that as I aimed a sockdolloger at him he ducked his head, and he can dodge like a diedapper; and, hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist, so, being like the fellow who, when it rained mush, had no spoon, I changed the suit and made a trump—and went in for eating. In the scuffle, we fell, cross and pile, and, while he was chawing my finger, my head was between his legs, his woollen Jean britches did not taste well, but I found a bare place, where the seat had worn out, and meat in abundance; so I laid hold of a good mouthful, but the bit came out, and finding his appetite still good for my finger, I adopted Doctor Bones', the toolsmith's, patent method of removing teeth without the aid of instruments, and I extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in or out at pleasure. However, I shall, for some time, have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud." (*He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh*). But vox populi again. "So you tanned him, did you?" How did the fight finish?" "You were not parted?" "You fought it out, did you?" The Colonel resumed, "Why, there is no telling how the fight might have gone; an old Virginian, who had seen Francesco, and Otey, and Lewis, and Blevins, and all the best men of the day, said he had never seen any one stand up to their fodder better than we did. We had fought round and round, and about and about, all over the Court-yard, and, at last, just to end the fight, every body was getting tired of it; so, at l—a—a—st, I hollored—(*Exit Colonel.*)

MAJOR BOOTS IN GOTHAM.

New York, January 7, 1840.

Dear Sir,—Having spent New Year's Eve in strict attention to the performances at the Park of Mr. Ranger, a comedian of decided talent, and deserved celebrity, I debarked with unmingled satisfaction with the success of the player, and sagacity of my outlay for the evening, thinking I had clearly got my dollar's worth in the entertainments on the stage, and my two shillings' 'orth of the same article in the "hot stuff" for my friend ("the Doctor") and self in the saloon above. As, gander-like (for it turned out so on this occasion), I cast my "peepers" upwards towards the Heavens, and spied lowering symptoms of "falling weather" for the next day (the glorious New Year), I laid a wager with a rascally loafer (rascally, because he *did* me for the bet,) that 'twould rain or snow in twenty-four hours. Well, as bad luck for me would have it, the day rose beautifully, and the "year" ushered in with a magnificent flood of new-born light, got up especially, no doubt, for its introduction, as a sort of "turning over a new leaf," and a rebuke upon the darkness and treachery of the old one. And I am happy to find, by the recent favorable intelligence from abroad, and the consequently highly improved state of things *this* side, that the rebuke is not likely to recoil upon its giver, and that the "new leaf" is so far, and *promises* to be, unsullied by fraudulent entries.

Well, as I lost my hat to the loafer, and had no other immediate resource for the revival of my spirits from the impression of the bad luck, than a discharge of the social duty of calling upon all my female acquaintance that day (a custom hallowed here by the beginning of the year); I accordingly put on my diamond beaver frock, and best "inexpressibles," &c., and "cut out the work" for the day. First of all, as I struck into the street (Broadway), I was struck back again with the remarkably unique appearance of the side-walks. Men! men! men! and not a petticoat to be seen. The women all staying "at home," and the men all going from it to eat fruit-cake, and drink sweet wine (that is, to take "pyson" before they dine).

While on the subject of the side-walks, it is proper to remark here, as well for the benefit of my Southern friends, and strangers generally, as for the further illustration of the peculiarities of this specie-paying city, that the two "trottoirs," or "pavements," as we term them, are considered distinct lines of demarcation between the fashionable and business classes, and while the west side is regarded as the exclusive promenade of the proud and lazy, the east, or two-shilling side, is contemptuously looked upon as the suitable course for the hurried movements of the poor and the industrious. Such is the force of fashion among a people whose equivocal position in what's called "society" (the higher circles,) compels their observance of its forms to be nice to a ridiculous extreme. And, therefore, I advise my Southern friends, and bumpkins generally, when they come here, to make it a point to walk on the west side, for they'll not only see all the prettiest girls (a great desideratum with Southrons) in the street, but enjoy the benefits of the humbug of being classed among men of wealth, fashion, and leisure. Not feeling myself doubtfully "placed" (as we say of horses) in society, and not fearing my position will be disturbed by any such paltry "provincialism," I walk, in winter, on whichever side the sun may be; and in summer, I economize the shade to the square inch, preferring comfort and coolness to the feverishness of following the fashion. Such demarcations are invidious and insensible, and deserve to be rebuked with the most pointed ridicule.

I raced myself up for "the stretch," and went at it like a game 'un, making a steady "brush" for Franklin-street, near the "burnt district;" there I sprung the gong, and the door was opened unto me, and as I walked through, or up, or down, I don't exactly know which, (not having taken the level of the passage,) a ruddy-faced son of the Emerald Isle stepped up to me and said—"Your honor, I'll just take your over-coat." Said I—"My friend, I can't afford to be 'shucked' at this speaking—the mercury—the quicksilver—being very *slow* in these days of 'suspension,' and greatly below Zero; besides," said I, "the rheumatiz——" "Och!" said he, "that's the *room, it is*," pointing to the door next me. I went in, all (what there was of me) as I was, and looking round for her on whom I'd come to call, spied my old acquaintance sitting near the table of wine, cake, &c. She was so little changed, except for the better, in her looks, that at first I doubted my darkened vision, not having got over the flood of light outside, but soon came to my senses, and there she was, after a lapse of six or "seving" years of married life, (think of that "Master Brook,") as bright, and gay, and gentle as ever. In her hazel eye the same softened glance, and in her cheek the lady-like tint of a delicate suffusion; her easy and putting-at-ease manners, refinement itself refined; in short, she presented herself, as she is, a graceful, high-bred specimen of "native nobility," and reminded me in the freshness of her appearance, of the rose-bush that one sees in his youth, all clad with gentlest flowers, and returning after the lapse of many winters of withering cold, yet finds it in the spring decked with brighter bloom than ever. (Don't you think I'm in love!) I have been, you know, and that, *too, lately*, (a pun, if you can catch it flying, though it is under the effect of what the physicians call a "coma.") Alas! poor Boots but feeds upon the remembrance, as old men do of feelings that are fled!

Now away with sentiment, and let's have the song; so here goes. I stepped into the office of the "Spirit," and sat with that portion of its conductors who, like Boots, was "cut short" in his "extremities," till presently the senior editor came in. There, then, was Major Boots, who had plucked many a huckleberry from the scrub bushes of the Slashes of Hanover County, Va., and many a kiss from the "short-gown'd" Slash gals; there was Major Boots, sitting bolt upright, in easy confab with the senior Editor, the chair a leetle too tall for Boots's short legs He (the last named one, not Boots) like a gentleman, as he is all over, so the men and women affirm, invited me to dine with him at five o'clock at the Astor House.

Says I *to myself*, not wishing to appear green by *thinking* so *aloud*, its a curious nondescript meal; too late for dinner, and too soon for supper; I *reckon* its both joined together—a *mixtry*.—Well, we sot and we sot till the "hour should come," and we struck off into horse-matters, and Lord! what a horse talk we had on it. Then I told him how we *practised* cheatin' one another out of our eyes and gals to get "sharpe" for furrein lands, when we "struck out" *from* "the Slashes"—till says he, "Boots you're a hard one to git over." Well, an oldish 'oman told me that same when she wanted to sell me the article too high, and I have been sorter shy of the phrase ever since, as I think its a kind of a soft-soaper to make you swallow *other* things *easy*. By this time the "*sun was nearly down*," and we went into the "Astor House" to *dinner*, *we two* went *arm in arm!* I entered a thund'ring d——d big stone house with lots of little squar' stone *slabs* they call 'em, all laid down so pretty, blue and white, blue and white, up and down a most amazin d——d long passage, half filled with folks that had'nt *shaved* their *upper* lips in *six weeks* afore: well, my breath was gittin' sorter short, (I was rather skeer'd, kinder "wonder'd up" like, at seeing sich a sight) but as I make it a pint never to be *waked up* by wonders and show it to the crowd, I axed him what nation's people these were, and what was that hair on them upper lips for. Says he, "them's mouse-tash, worn by *fur-eigners*." "I forgot, I ought to ha' rikkollected"—but, says I to myself, what kind of fur is it they have got on them lips? We went along and entered a most "tremen*dious*" big eating-room, with large columns richly carved, at both ends. Its a "monstous" big room to eat *warm* victuals in, in *cold* weather; but I took a seat at the table that was 200 *people long*, and hearing corks poppin' all around me, I "spread myself" to "set to my cousin Suckey" Says I, "Boy, take my plate, if you please, and fetch me some 'bacon and greens.' The Senior Editor, he busted out a laughing (I 'spose at the sight o' the liquor), and says he, "Major, you must call 'em 'waiters' or they won't serve you." The waiter looked kinder "inexplicate!" and just then another fellow handed me a card with "the Proprietor's compliments" on it, and a bottle of champagne. Says I *to myself* (for *we* hold a great many conversations together), certing I'm a big fish; hardly seated before the head of the house sends to drink wine with me! I reckon I cotched the sparkles as they riz and swilled that liquor to the tune of "my cousin Suckey!" "I did" as the funny Chapman says. By the way, this Chapman has a most remarkable g andfather and grandmother. He told us all one night, his grandmother washed up so many clothes she had no where to dry 'em, so his grandfather, "a most wonderful man!" took two poles, (the North and the South Poles) and made propping sticks of 'em, and hung grandmother's clothes on the Equinoctial *Line*."

Well, there warn't no "bacon and greens" he said, but there was next kin to it, "jowl and cabbage." So I "slapt it into" the "first cousin" pretty strong; as I have done "first cousins" before to-day. But I "went my death" upon one "Patty De Fois Gras" (patty der fwar grar), fetched an infernal long distance cross the water in a tin-jar, from Strasbourg—

(One *Potte* de fois gras
Fetched over in a tin-jar,)

as nice a thing to stop an appetite with as ever was invented—and its a cute way they've got over *thar*' to make it. How do you think it is? Why they tack a goose down to the floor before a gentle fire, and warm her up so with *ire*, that the bile swells the very *liver out of her;* and then they take these fat big livers (in fact, "they do") and chop 'em up and put Truffles (a sort of mushroom-fungus that grows *under ground* found by pigs trained for the purpose) into 'em and then fix altogether in a pie—and its a "tall" thing when its done, I tell you. Speaking of "tall," however, *that* dinner was the "tallest" public affair of the sort I ever sat down to.

One Editor got up and give a toast to Mr. Inman, the celebrated painter, said he "Mr. Chairman, I give you the art that perpetuates alike the master and the subject, Painting." Well, says I, that must be the "Master of Arts," certing. So the Painter replied, the Editor being from th East, "Mr. Chairman, a country not found on the maps, '*Down East.*'" Good says every body, with three cheers, and *without* one, for they all *stood* up. More next time.

Boots.

A New Way to Make an Acquaintance.

Miss P., of New York, is considered a high prize in the wheel of fortune hence she is an object of divinity and perfection with the gay young men of the metropolis. Many and curious are the devices employed to obtain her acquaintance. But among the most *recherche* that has come to my knowledge is the following:

Miss P—— resides with a highly respectable lady in B—— Street, and is the pride of a large circle of acquaintances and friends, who admire her for her many amiable qualities, both of the head and heart, for she is beautiful, witty and talented, to a degree that few women of large fortune can boast. Some short time ago, a gay Lothario of the modern *genus*, fancied himself desperately in love, and determined to obtain Miss P——'s acquaintance at every hazard. He went to an engraver and had his name beautifully engraved upon a white card, which he carefully enveloped in a sheet of gilt edged paper, and sent it by the hand of a boy to Miss P——, with a message that the gentleman would do himself the honor to call upon her in person at 7 o'clock in the evening. Miss P——, not recognising the name among the long list of her admiring friends was at a loss to divine the gentleman's intentions, and sought counsel from the family. The card was placed in Mr. W.'s hand, the gentleman with whom Miss P—— resides, who is a lawyer, and up to tricks in trade. He took the case in hand and awaited the hour appointed for his arrival. Sure enough, at 7 in the evening, the bell rang; Mr. W. went to the door, when there stood before him our modern Apollo, flushed with all the *nonchalance* of a French dancing master, and the impudence of the devil himself.

Mr. W.—"Who do you wish to see."

"Miss P——, sir," was the reply.

Mr. W.—"Walk into the entry, sir." With that the gentleman stepped in.

Mr. W.—"What is your name, sir?"

"Why, my n-a m-e, s-i-r—*Jackson*—s-i-r."

Mr. W.—"I expected as much, where do you live, sir?"

Jackson—"Why, I board just opposite to your house, sir."

Mr. W.—"Are you acquainted with Miss P——?"

Jackson—"I am not, sir, but I wish to be."

Mr. W.—"The d—l you do, you impudent scoundrel," and, "suiting the action to the word," he kicked the puppy into the middle of the street.

Jackson has taken passage for the coast of Africa, where he will meet with a race whose manners, habits and customs of life, are better suited to his views of politeness and the proprieties of life. G.

A MERITED COMPLIMENT.

Our friend Brown, of the "Lexington (Ky.) Intelligencer," gives us the annexed correspondence, which we are gratified in placing on record in the columns of the "Spirit:"—

We take great pleasure in publishing the following correspondence, which has been politely furnished us by a gentleman of the Committee. So far as we are capable of judging, this memorial is exceedingly appropriate to its purpose, in its construction and design. It is of an urn shape—a garland of fruit and flowers encircles the top of the bulge, pendant from which, on opposite sides, are two wreaths of flowers, one of which encircles a horse, all in *alto relievo*. The other wreath is intended for an inscription, we believe, which was not engraved when we saw the pitcher. A hunting scene, also in *alto relievo*, encircles the mouth:—

Lexington, Dec. 4, 1839.

Mr. Thomas H. Pindell: Dear Sir,—By a resolution of the Kentucky Association, passed unanimously at their last Fall meeting, we were instructed to procure and present to you some testimonial of their esteem and the satisfaction their intercourse with you had produced during the many years you were their President. In compliance with this gratifying duty, we ask you to accept the accompanying pitcher. Truly your friends and servants,

E. J. Warfield,
J. G. McKinney,
—— A. D. Hunt.

Lexington, Dec. 4, 1839.

Gentlemen,—I accept with pleasure the beautiful pitcher presented to me through you by the Kentucky Association, rather, however, as a token of the individual feelings of the members than for any merit my services as their President may have deserved. Accept for yourselves and them my heartiest wishes. Yours, respectfully, T. H. Pindell.

Messrs. Warfield, McKinney, and Hunt.

FAYETTE (Mo.) JOCKEY CLUB.

The "Democrat," published at Boon's Lick, gives the following account of the brilliant prospects of the Club for the ensuing year:—

The attention of gentlemen who take an interest in the manly and exhilarating sports of the Turf, is called to the advertisement of the proprietor of the Fayette Course, published in this week's paper. The Jockey Club is now organized upon the most liberal scale, and presents a long list of members, comprising many of the most respectable and public-spirited citizens of this section of the State, whose principal object is the improvement of the blood horse. The extraordinary facilities which this County, as well as many other portions of Missouri, presents for raising this species of stock, the early attention to which has been so great a source of wealth to the State of Kentucky, should induce the agricultural portion of our community to foster an institution having for its main object the advancement of this particular branch of the farming interest. The central position of this place, the large amount of blooded nags in this County which are now ready to test their powers upon the turf, to say nothing of the numerous train of young Mark Moores, Colliers, Laplanders, Platoes, and Pacifics, which in two or three years more will be brought into honorable rivalship for the meed of praise—and what is not of the least importance, the many whole-souled fellows who wear the badge of the Fayette Jockey Club, point it out as the rallying point for the sporting circles in Missouri. It is, moreover, the intention of the Club to offer purses of sufficient magnitude to induce the owners of fine horses living at a distance to come here and enter the lists against the Boon's Lick stock; which, as was the case at our late splendid Fall meeting, will be promptly paid over to the fortunate winner so soon as the race is decided in his favor. The meeting for the Spring of 1840 is looked forward to with much interest; and in order that every one may have a "fair shake," the time for closing the post stakes is deferred to the latest possible period. Let all them who have crack nags come manfully to the scratch, or for ever after hold their peace.

LES CHEMISIERS DE PARIS.

A shirt-making monomania has lately sprung up in Paris, and whoever will walk down the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Neuve Vivienne will see in gigantic letters, "Les Chemisiers de Paris," solely "consecrated" to that very useful article. The "Charivari" thus illustrates the tribe:—

A bourgeois, wearing a flannel waistcoat, and carrying a cotton umbrella, after having remained for a long time contemplating the splendid array of frilled shirts in the chemisier's window, at length decides on purchasing one. A gentleman, wearing an exaggerated shirt, comes forward, and the following dialogue invariably ensues:—

Bourgeois—Sir, I wish you would show me some shirts.

Chemisier—At what price? We have them from 50 to 500 francs.

Bourgeois—The dozen?

Chemisier—Oh! dear no. Each shirt.

Bourgeois—Diable! That is rather dear.

Chemisier—Not when you consider, Sir, that nothing now remains but the shirt to distinguish the gentleman from the vulgar herd. Every one now wears monkey jackets, silk hats, and yellow gloves. But a man who wears a good shirt, *enfin Monsieur*, one of our most celebrated authors has justly said, "*la chemise fait l'homme*." But what sort of shirt will Monsieur prefer? We have the shirt with large, with small, and with no plaits; frilled or without *jabot*; the shirt which buttons in front, at the side, and behind; the shirt which is put on over the head: or that which is put on like a pair of trousers.

Bourgeois—Well, make me a sixty franc shirt.

Chemisier—At that low price it will be but a common calico affair. Does Monsieur wish for a summer or winter shirt?

Bourgeois—One that I can wear either summer or winter, to be sure.

Chemisier—A shirt for the four seasons. That will be 15 francs extra (taking the measure). When Monsieur walks with Madame does he give the right or left arm?

Bourgeois—Generally the right, if I remember rightly. But what the devil is that to you?

Chemisier—Why, we make the right sleeve a thought longer than the left, and the wristband button must be sewn so as to support a great strain. Does Monsieur ever sneeze?

Bourgeois—What can a cold in the head have to do with my shirt?

Chemisier—Perhaps Monsieur is not aware that whenever he sneezes his whole frame is shaken by a convulsive movement. The shirt collar must be made so as to allow of this movement if it ever takes place, otherwise an attack of apoplexy might ensue, or, what would be equally important, the shirt button would probably be torn off.

Bourgeois—Diable! make the collar large then.

Chemisier—That will be four francs extra.

Bourgeois—And if I furnish the calico?

Chemisier—Oh, Monsieur is at liberty to do so if he pleases; we shall charge him nothing extra for that. Your shirt will come to 74 francs, you shall have it in a month, and if you will pass every five days to try it on I should be obliged to you—

"Du chemisier Français tel est le caractere."

Bourgeois—No extra charge for my furnishing the calico—really you are very obliging; and I must try this on every five days. I'm sorry that I ever entered your shop. The common shirts at 6 francs have not the recommendation of being so dear, but then they are much better.

ROBBERY OF LOVE LETTERS.

A strange occurrence lately formed the topic of conversation in the saloon of the Italian Opera. Some years ago, when, still under the influence of the ingenuous sentiments which, even in these goat-bearded times, accompany the entry of a young man of family into the world, M. de —— preferred rich and elegant drawing rooms to his stables, and the company of laughing and pensive girls to his race-horses or hounds. He had attached himself to the daughter of an eminent personage, whose fortune, too inferior to that he was sole heir to, rendered a marriage between them hopeless. They did not think so

at that period, and in the vehemence of their secret affection they contemplated flight, and even suicide, if unsurmountable obstacles opposed what they called their happiness. But time had cooled this effervescence, and six months ago M. de ——'s tender friend had put an end to the romance of first love by marrying one of our principal manufacturers. So far all was right, and M. de ——, too much of a man of honor to let even any regret be suspected, had eagerly attended the marriage ceremony. But a gloomy thought assailed the bride. She had formerly kept up a correspondence with M. de ——, who had kept possession of those tender epistles, and though she knew he was incapable of making an improper use of them, she would have given any thing to recover them. Unable to employ any body to ask them of him, she wrote to him. The answer was soon returned. M. de ——, at the same time that he professed the profoundest respect for Madame N——, declared that he set too high a value upon her letters ever to part with them, assuring her that he had not ceased carrying them with him upon his heart. Such was the case. The letters, four in number, had remained with Madame N——'s portrait, in a pocket book, which was continually in the breast-pocket of his coat. A few evenings ago, M. de ——, deserting the Opera, of which he is an *habitué*, went to see a piece in vogue at another theatre. On entering a *balcon* stall he deposited his great coat in the hands of the box-opener. At the end of the play, when M. de —— was putting on his great coat, he was hustled by a cluster of persons rushing in a contrary direction, and, when they had passed, he found that an incision had been made on the left side of his coat, and that his breast-pocket and his pocket-book, containing a 1,000 franc bank-note, had been carried off. At supper he told some friends of his mishap, which he considered an ordinary theft; but, on going home, found that a sealed parcel had been left for him at midnight, and that the bearer had recommended its being delivered to him only. He opened it, and, to his great amazement, found that it contained the pocket-book, bank-note, and all his other papers, save the four letters and portrait. It may well be supposed that M. de —— has not laid any complaint on the subject before the police. Gazette des Tribunaux.

Salmagundi.

A lady in Massachusetts presented her husband with three children on Thanksgiving day, all at one birth. He had reason to be thankful.

That there was no more of them, eh? Exchange paper.

An undesirable Intimacy.—A Michigan editor threatens to make his subscribers as intimate with the sheriff as he is himself, if they don't pay up.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age."—A lady in Springfield, Mass., aged sixty, recently presented her husband with twins.

A Virgin's Prayer.—A young lady in St. Louis thus writes to Old Sol, the well-known eccentric comedian:

"There are but two alternatives for me—the *stage* or the *mad house*. Ah, call it folly, infatuation, or what you will, it is decreed—an actress I will be, or the precincts of a lunatic asylum will be my cloister. You might even now avail yourself of my valuable services and gratify my ardent wishes, by paying my landlady the small sum of eighty-five dollars. Oh! thou most glorious shades of 'Thespis' and *Melpomene!* I invoke thy aid! Is it possible that I am not worth eighty-five dollars! Did ever genius like mine languish in obscurity for so small a sum?"

Whether she is in love with Old Sol himself, or the stage, as she says, or perhaps a little of both, we think admits of question, but if Sol has been so ungallant as to deny her, let her come to New Orleans. She shall have fair play if she plays fair, a fair chance if she is fair, and we'll give her a puff. Picayune.

Sam Slick says he would rather break a yoke of steers any day, than try to make up a quarrel between women, when they once get their dander up.

A gentleman, upon being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam-boat boiler exploded, is said to have replied, that he was so used to being *blown up* by his wife, that mere steam had no effect on him!

"Sister Nance and the Ager."—We were travelling not long since, in Illinois, and called at a house near the road side, to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred: "Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?"

"I don't know sir, but mother says ever since I was born."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, a few."

"How many?"

"Ten or 'leven, I reckon."

"Pretty healthy here, isn't it?"

"Yes; but sometimes we have a little ager."

"Any of you got it now?"

"Yes, a few on us going to have the shakes this arternoon."

"How many?"

"Why all on us except sister Nance, and she's sich a darnation cross critter, the ager won't take on her; and if it did, she is so cussed contrary she wouldn't shake, no how you could fix her!" St. Louis Pennant.

The Dispatch speaks of a vocalist who sings so high in some of his embellishments, that it is necessary to let go his suspenders before he can get down again.

The editor of the New Orleans Picayune got married and lost his umbrella on the same evening.

They announce steamboat disasters in New Orleans so often, that a blow up, or wreck, is thought to be but a trifle. In a late number of the American, printed there, we find two summarily disposed of:—

"The Diana has burst her flues, and the Lady of the Lake is buried in the sand on Hurricane Island."

A bad condition for two such distinguished ladies. Boston Post.

Wood, the vocalist, is coming over again, not professionally, but to look after $50,000 in United States Bank stock that he owns. Ib.

The Picayune tells the toughest stories that we ever heard. Here is one of its very last:—

"There is a fellow in this city with one leg so much longer than the other, that when he goes up a ladder he is obliged to take out every other round."

A Theatrical Auctioneer.—A young wag, who had made "going, going, going," his profession—a great favorite among knights of the buskin, and all good fellows, besides being a chosen favorite among the ladies, was once mounted, hammer in hand, selling a piece of furniture. He was well conversant with all the best dramatic productions of the day, and among the rest the Hunchback, then the rage in Boston, where the joke occurred. Fanny Kemble was at that time delighting the town with her "*Julia*," and every body was well acquainted with the celebrated lines—

"Clifford, why don't you speak to me?"
"O, Clifford, is it you?" &c. &c.

"Going, going—last call—fifty-two—any more? fifty-three—thank you, sir—fifty-three dollars—any more? fifty-three—go on, gentlemen—fifty-three dollars—going at fifty-three dollars—last call—once, twice—any more? gone! Who is it?" There was a pause, and nobody answered. "Who is it? who bid fifty-three?" "Fifty-two was my bid," said some one. "Who bid fifty-three? some one said fifty-three, who was it? Who bid fifty-three?"

"Clifford," said a voice near the door. "*O, Clifford, is it you?*" exclaimed the auctioneer, dropping his hammer, and clasping his hands *a la Fanny Kemble*. The joke was irresistible—every body recognised it, and catching the spirit of the thing, the audience followed up an extacy of laughter with three rounds of applause, while the auctioneer deliberately drew out his handkerchief and wiped his nose in burlesque imitation of Miss Fanny. "Clifford, did you say, sir? Clifford?" said the auctioneer, when the merriment had a little subsided "Is it cash, sir?" Clifford, the purchaser, it seems, was a bashful person, unacquainted with theatrical things, and had become somewhat alarmed at the unaccountable good humor of the crowd, so that he was afraid to open his lips again, lest he should excite another burst of fun. "Is it cash, sir?" again enquired the auctioneer.

All eyes were turned upon Clifford, who looked very much as if he felt that his mother might be anxious about him, but still he made no answer. The merry auctioneer would rather lose his customer than his joke, and he suddenly exclaimed, still imitating the fiery-eyed Fanny,

"Clifford! *Why* don't you speak to me?"

The assembly now fairly screamed with laughter, and, amid an uproarious burst of applause, Clifford made a bolt for the door, and escaped. Picayune.

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch dog's bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

But all this is not half equal to the pleasure experienced in Shaving with the *Verbena Cream*. All who have hard beards and a tender skin, should make a trial of this *ne plus ultra* of Shaving inventions. Sold by G. K. Tyler, corner East Baltimore and High sts.—*Advertisement in Baltimore Sun.*

Now we are not over familiar with the poets, and don't know exactly who wrote the lines quoted above, but did he ever dream that his lines were to be used in selling soap?—Cream—we beg pardon—the *Verbena Cream*. Certainly the Verbena Cream ought to be honored and sung about, but what we most admire is the happy connection which the vender has discovered between the words of the poet and the article he wishes to sell. Read the lines without looking at the advertisement, and the idea of shaving soap at once presents itself to the mind. In fact, "*Verbena Cream*" is sticking out all over the four lines, and we are only surprised that the advertiser thought it at all necessary to mention the Cream after publishing the quotation. Picayune.

Why, KENDALL, we're ashamed of you! *You* not "know exactly" who "wrote the lines quoted above!" Where's your copy of Don Juan? See the 123d stanza of Canto 1st, you dog! Why, we supposed you had Byron "by heart" before you got into your catechism. You're a pretty fellow, you are, to make such a confession.—*York's Tall Son.*

"What's the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah R. was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning, for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?"—"Why, I suppose about ninepence," answered Mr. —— "Ninepence! She told me the doctor would *pull a tooth* for me some time."

A Shooting Match.—The Centreville Sentinel states, on the authority of the stage driver, that a shooting match came off at Elkton, lately, in which two men, for a wager, were to shoot the hat from each other's heads. One accomplished the feat, but the second levelled his gun and blew out the brains of his more skilful but unfortunate rival. The men were in a state of intoxication at the time.

Jokes.—"Joke, a jest; something not serious," says Johnson. Common sense is said to be a rarer quality than genius, but a joke is rarer still. Rogers, the poet, remarked that the best joke he had ever heard was an acknowledgment in the newspapers from the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, that they had received *six pounds* sterling from some patriotic individuals towards the liquidation of the national debt! The disproportion between the means and the end is certainly ludicrous enough, and rivals the egregrious vanity of old Denis, the critic ("Mad Denis," as Swift called him), who imagined the French were going to invade Great Britain, because he had written a tragedy reflecting on the French character. As an instance of the strange association of ideas in some minds, we may mention that when a gentleman remarked on the morning that intelligence was received of Lord Byron's death—"So Byron is gone!"—an individual present rejoined, "Yes, and do you know Mr. Cooper, our neighbor, is not expected to live?"

Scarcely less rich was the remark of a cockney citizen—"I like Young's *acting* better than his *Night Thoughts*," confounding the poetical divine, long since gathered to his fathers, with the tragedian then flourishing on the stage.

We have heard that when a Scotch duchess, once "the admired of all observers," was questioning the children at one of her charity schools, the teacher asked, "What is the wife of a King called?"

"A Queen," bawled out one of the philosophers.

"The wife of an Emperor?"

"An Empress," was replied with equal readiness.

"Then what is the wife of a duke called?"

"A *drake*," exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title *duke* for the biped *duck*, which they pronounced the same.

At a meeting of a turnpike board one day, a farmer objected to some decision, when the clerk asked upon what ground he objected.

"Upon the ground of Sawtry," replied the rustic, alluding to the name of the parish.

A similar joke occurs in Shakspeare between the *Gravedigger* and *Hamlet*, but the coincidence being perfectly undesigned, only bears testimony to the truth and verisimilitude of the poet's conceptions.

One slight ovation more, and we have done. Scotchmen are famous for their nationality, and one night we remember a popular living author, in the midst of a joyous group in London, reciting, with great enthusiasm, from memory, Burns' *Address to the Deil*. He repeated the lines—

"I've heard my reverend grannie say,
In lonely glens ye like to stray!"

when a genuine borderer burst out, "D'ye think the *auld chield* has any notion of Scotch scenery? O, I wish I was wi' him!" This was the climax of nationality.

In the *Letters from the Highlands*, written about 1720 by one of General Wade's engineers, there occurs a good practical joke with respect to the tailors of Inverness. To prevent *cabbaging*, an ingenious process was adopted:

"I shall give you a notable instance of precaution used by some of the men against the tailor's purloining. This is to buy every thing that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the staytape and thread; and when they are to be delivered out, they are altogether weighed before the tailor's face.—And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected that the whole shall answer the original weight." Metropolitan Magazine.

From Jacobus Corvinus.

Here him am, by Golly!
Nichts my Dolly!

MASSA PRINCE—Him is done up—used up catawampous—kicked up into eberlasting hoki! Him hab thought dat Massa Van Burens bos to be happy man. Golly! how nigger would dance! How him humble sarbint would jump "Jim Crow" in Gin-alley, to de glory and honor of de British Queen! How all de loafers, loco-focos, and rowdies would shindy; and de Niagara sparkle up into Twenty Thousand *rainbows* in tears ob joy. Golly! him big heart burst wid joy. Him send PIPPYTHALAMIUM.

Him send him gratulation
On marriage ob him Prince;
Oh, may de apples ob him eye
Be neber like a quince.
Turn about, &c.

De Baroness Bon Lehzen
Hab made de happiness;
Him hope de Lehzen marriage
Bont prove a Barreness.
Turn about, &c.

De ladies ob de Palace
Hab blubber'd o'er Jocko;
But when dey handle (H) albert's,
Golly! Dey vill jump "Jim Crow."
Turn about, &c.

And as him am an odd fish,
Him hopes dat Love prevails;
And may de Queen who rules de waves
Produce a Prince of W(h)ales.
Turn about, &c.

Love, Honor, and Revenge.—A suicide, attended with extraordinary and distressing circumstances, is related by the Paris *Droit*. About two years ago, a young lady, of whose name only the initial L. is given, received the addresses of a gentleman, and the most intimate relations appear to have existed between them. During this connection a great number of letters were received by the lover from the lady, in some of which she appears to have acknowledged the confidence which she had reposed in him, but which was in her mind only an additional guarantee for their legal union. Eighteen months after their first acquaintance the lady suddenly changed her mind, and put an end to all relations between them, without assigning any motive for her conduct. Her letters, however, remained in the hands of her discarded lover, and their contents were unfortunately known to others, who had become acquainted with them in their endeavors to reconcile the parties, Mdlle. L— shortly afterwards married another person, who, ignorant of what had occurred before marriage, treated her with great affection. A short time ago, however, the husband, being in a public company, heard his name mentioned in a degrading way, which he could not understand, and having stated the circumstance to an officious friend, the latter informed him of the subject to which the latter alluded. The husband, now aware of his misfortune, and of the existence of the letters of his wife in the possession of her seducer, immediately went to him and demanded them. On his refusal, he challenged him to fight a duel, and the parties having met, the left arm of his adversary was broken by the ball of the husband's pistol. His adversary, in return, fired in the air. The husband then returned home in a state of great depression, and shut himself up. At the expiration of an hour he inquired for his wife, who happened to be out. Turning his rage against himself, the unhappy man discharged a pistol against his own heart, and instantly expired. A letter to his wife's mother, full of reproaches, was found upon his secretaire after his death. The wife is stated to be in an alarming condition from the shock which she has received.

Sagacity of the Elephant.—The Duke of Devonshire kept an elephant at Chiswick, who had learned to make herself useful in many acts of labour. At the voice of her keeper she came out of her house and immediately took up a broom, ready to perform his bidding in sweeping the paths or grass. She would follow him round the enclosures with a pail or a watering-pot, showing her readiness to take that share of labour which the elephants of the east are so willing to perform. Her reward was a carrot and some water; but previously to satisfying her thirst by an ample draught, she would exhibit her ingenuity in emptying the contents of a soda-water bottle, which was tightly corked. This she effected in a singularly adroit manner; pressing the small bottle against the ground with her enormous foot, so as to hold it securely at an angle of about 45 degrees, she gradually twisted out the cork with her trunk, without altering her position, she turned her trunk round the bottle so that she might reverse it, and thus empty the water into the extremity of her proboscis; this she accomplished without spilling a drop; and she delivered the empty bottle to her keeper before she attempted to discharge the contents of her trunk into her mouth. She performed another trick which required equal nicety; the keeper, who was accustomed to ride on her neck like the mahouts or elephant drivers of India, had a large cloth or housing which he spread over her when he thus bestrode her in somewhat of oriental state.—Upon alighting, which she allowed him to do by kneeling, he desired her to take off the cloth. This she effected by putting the muscles of her loins into action, so that the shrinking of her loose skin gave motion to the cloth, and it gradually wriggled on one side till it fell by its own weight. The cloth was then, of course, in a heap; but the elephant, spreading it carefully on the grass with her trunk, folded it up as a napkin is folded, till it was sufficiently compact for her purpose. She then poised it with her trunk for a few seconds, and by one jerk threw it over her head to the centre of her back, where it remained as steady as if the burden had been adjusted by human hands. Lincoln Mercury.

IRISH POLICE.—A GENERAL BREEZE.

A young gentleman, calling himself Micky Leary, whose appearance fully warranted the application of the genuine Irish term "Ree-raw" to his *toute ensemble*, came before their worships apparently most solicitous to impress them with an unfavourable opinion of another young gentleman, on his right, who looked not a whit the more interesting than Master Micky, and announced himself as "one Pat Doyle a weaver by thrade."

It appeared that the parties had been assisting at private theatricals, wherein sundry tinkers and tailors officiated; the *Battle of Aughrim* was the piece chosen for representation; and as Mr. Leary sported something hovering on the confines of a black eye, and had only partially removed the red ochre used to impart a more ferocious expression to his physiognomy, he looked formidable and bewildered enough.

In the casting of the parts, Pat Doyle had contended for the honour of representing General St. Ruth, as his (D.'s) mode of pronunciation embraced the *dis*, *dat*, and *de* style, and was therefore, supposed to resemble the indifferent English of the French commander. Micky Leary also coveted enacting the said part; this led to bickerings at rehearsal, and finally to a regular shindy.

"That was jest the ins an' outs ov the whole bisness," continued Micky; "nothin' ud answer this dandy, gintleman, only shoulderin' uz all over an hothir, as if we belonged to nobody on airth—wavin the long soord he borrowed in all direcshins, an' shoutin' out from his share ov the play,—

"Return again, an' ov dey dare pursue,
Tell 'em *St. Root* is near, an' dat 'll do."
—(great laughter).

Magistrate: But it seems he singles you out for special ill will. Micky Leary. "Pon me word he did, sir. I was helpin to carry him (an' sure so I ought to give him a lift) in that part of the actin' where he's kilt be the cannon-ball: we had two fleutes an' a clarinet, an' a fiddle playin' the 'Dead March' out before uz, an' he left his hand hanging down till he watched his opportunity an gev meself a great dthrive ov a corkin pin!"

Doyle: "Oh dear me! listen to dis! oh perdishin to you, Mick Leary, an dont offer to say de like. You know you wor de unruliest man in de whole bollin' ov uz. E'thin' do you recollect de tech o' de cutlass?"

But Master Leary came the *non mi ricordo* on that point, and went on to say that when he kopped away on getting the prod, and dropped his quarter of the general, the latter came to life instanter, and kicked and cuffed him to his heart's content.

"Look at dat your worchip!" exclaimed Pat, exhibiting a smart bruise on the elbow, "see, dere's where he bit me a welt ov a cutlass, an' we at de reharsin—dat I mightn't sin, but I taught de arm was ov me, clear an' clean."

Magistrate: Why did he strike you so hard? Doyle: Because he's ignorant den, an I used to correct his pronunsheashun. Notin ud do him only to call "De seas, de Bos-forus, an' de Ex-uine;" so he gev me de rap for exposin' him—(laughter).

[Mr. Doyle communicated this version of the affair with a large accompaniment of nods and winks, which he divided pretty equally between the bench and his friends in court.]

"Be the light that shines," exclaimed Leary, emphatically, "but I was only just steppin' ov the stage, an' goin' behind the quilt we had for a screen, afther repeatin'—

'Sind for our tints, an' we will be all night
Encamp'd along the valleys in their sight,'

whin he met me face to face, an' 'divil sind you a tint!' says he, hittin me a peg into the very eye, that knocked real fire out ov id. Well, I hot him a kick in the stomach, an' a peg in the ribs, an' only for Gineral Sarsfield an' the ghost, an' Gineral O'Neil comin', on dthrawin uz, be cripes there ud be bloodshed"—(great laughter).

Magistrate: We'll bind you both to the peace.

"Oh, plaze yourselves, gintlemen," said Pat; "but I know dis boy med rags ov me white gingham coat, wid green facins; de dear knows he did."

Micky Leary, in return, assured the court that the peer of Pat Doyle was not to be found nearer than Botany Bay.

The "brethren in arms, but rivals in renown," were then directed to find security for their good behaviour, advised to attend to their respective trades, and eschew theatricals.

Buonaparte's burial place.—The solitude of Napoleon, in his exile and his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Buonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man, who has shown himself in such powerful reality, vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps forever, like a hermit apart, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley, surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence, which presses upon him, can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent; their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downwards from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.

Buonaparte crossed the ocean, to repair to his final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance, for the first time, encountered their rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny; one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle; the other half was reserved to illumine his tomb. Chateaubriand.

SAGACITY AND GREAT VALUE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—On Friday a man named Bartlett was coming in a cart on the road from Thornford to Bradford, where the road was flooded with water to a considerable depth, and running with such violence that the cart was completely overturned, and Bartlett under it. The dog, which had been swimming directly at the head of the horse, missed the man and the cart, and turning back, dived and seized Bartlett by the colar of his coat, drew him from under the cart, and swam with him to the bank. when he got ocer into a field; as soon as the dog saw the man safe, he immediately plunged into the water again, swam after, and seized the horse by the ear, kept his head above water, and brought him to the bank. Bartlett, who had by this time come a little to himself, ran down the field to where the dog was still keeping up the horse, which he endeavored to extricate from the shafts by cutting the harness, but could not unfasten the belly-band; he then ran a little distance and procured a large flint stone, and returning, the dog still holding the horse, beat out the staple and liberated the horse, which immediately sunk, but shortly after appeared again on the surface of the water; and after a time the dog, which had never let go his hold, brought the horse to a place where he was got out of the water, and thus saved the life of both the man and his horse.

THE OSPREY OR SEA EAGLE.—The following appears in the *Cambrian*:—A fine specimen of the above was shot at Colyton, Devon, on Thursday se'nnight, by Mr. Mingo; it is two feet in length, its breadth from tip to tip five feet five inches, the legs are very short and thick being only two inches and a quarter long, and two inches in circumference, of a pale blue colsr; the outer claw is larger than the inner one, and turns easily backwards, by which means it secures its slippery prey. It is scattered over the extent of Europe, from Sweden to Greece, and is found even in Egypt and Nigritia; its haunts are on the sea shore, and on the borders of riaers and lakes; its principal food is fish; it darts upon its prey with great rapidita, and with undeviating sin. The Italians compare its descent upon the water to a piece of lead falling upon that elemdnt, and distinguish it by the name of Aquila Plumbine or Leaden Eagle.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, La. - J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Thursday, 23d Jan.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th May.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - - J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
IRWINTON, Ala. - - - Harrison Course, J. C. Meeting 4th Tuesday in Feb.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
NEW YORK CITY - - - Union Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th May.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th March.
" " " " " " Match, $1000 a side, P. P., Mile heats, between the 2 yr olds of Y. N. Oliver and Kenner & Chapman, Spring Meeting of 1840.
" " " Louisiana Course, Match, $2000 a side, h. ft., Mile heats, between Mr. J. R. Grymes' 2 yr. old gr. Leviathan colt and J. F. Miller's *Fairly Fair*, Spring Meeting of 1840.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
TUSCUMBIA, Ala. - - Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
WASHINGTON CITY - National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday 5th May.
WAYNESBORO', N.C. Randolph Macon Course, J. C Sp'g Meeting, 2d Tuesday 14th April.

Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season or Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $75—$100, and $1 to the groom. O. P. Hare.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate by Catton, at L. J. Polk's farm, Maury Co., Tenn., 4 miles from Mt. Pleasant, at $60, $75, and $100, and $1 to the groom.

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at Wm. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blackblock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Wm. P. Campbell, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRITIC, by Eclipse, dam by Eclipse Herod, at C. S. W. Dorsey's stable, 12 miles from Baltimore, Md., and 2 from Ellicott's Mills, at $40 and $60.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at James Swanson's stable, near Franklin, Tenn., limited to sixty mares at $100.

FOP, *Imported*, by Stumps, dam by Fitz James, at Col. F. C. H. Millers, 2 m. from Chapel Hill, Marshall Co., Tenn. at $50 and $75.

GREY EAGLE, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, at Sidney Burbridge's stable, near Frankfort, Ky. He will be limited; terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, at the farm of George Fryer, near the Washington race Course, Charleston, S.C., at $40, and $1 to the groom.

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at L. Y. Craig's stable, Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., at $100.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, at Duke W. Sumner's stable, Spring Grove, at Tenn., 7 miles north of Nashville, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at Hector Bell's stable, S Winchester, Va., at $60—$100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at E. H. Blackburn's, Woodford Co., Ky., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure

SHADOW, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at N. B. Luse's Brick Stable, Morristown, N. J., near the Morris and Essex Rail Road, at $10.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

How often are our highest hopes and expectations, like the milkmaid's calculations, upset, when we think them all but consummated. We heard of a case in point yesterday.

A negro, the holder of a ticket in the grand real estate lottery with one number on it, came rushing into a lottery office in a great state of excitement. Throwing it down upon the counter, he exclaimed,

"Dar—dar—look o'dat—I got him. Look dar—ya, ya, whooh."

"What's the matter, Sambo?" said the clerk.

"Look hea, don't Sambo me no moa—I'm a gemman now—Sambo done gone. See dat, white man—look dar," holding up the ticket which some mischievous wag had stuffed him up was the very one which had drawn the Camp-street theatre; "dat's de unfortunate ticket wat's did de biz'ness—ya, ya, ya. Jes han ober dat small teatre, will ya?"

"You have only one number on this ticket," continued the clerk.

"Ony one?—den gib me a third ob it. Who's de oder fort'night holders?"

"But you have drawn nothing."

"Noting!"

"Nothing at all."

"Den it's all wat dey call a gum game, and I'll 'splainify de ting," said the chop-fallen negro, whose face looked like a distress memorial on a parson who had lost a year's salary at all-fours when he was told his ticket was of "no account." "You pulls wool ober de eyes ob de people wen you says dat de person wot's got de fus, second and third numbers on him draws de teatre. Now I's got one ob dem same numbers on mine and you does'nt gib me noting. I'll peal to de desultory laws ob de country for dat satisficashun wat you don't gib hea, dat's wat I will. I'll bring a faction for, for—now, look hea, won't you gib me a block ob houses or someting like dat for dis ticket?"

"Can't do any thing for you," said the clerk, coolly.

"Den, I'm a done gone busted nigge, *shua*, and dese lotteries is all nonsense. You's got all my money and I has'nt got no show for him. You *may* catch dis child in anoder fix like dis, but if you does I'm—I'm—off" The negro now took up his ticket and marvelled. Picayune.

CAPTURE OF A BEAR.

Bangor, Maine, Jan. 12—For the last twelve years, there has been residing within forty minutes ride of this city, in the town of Brewer, near the "Big Pond," so called, a mischievous animal called a bear, of the hog species, with a brown proboscis, and short but strongly sinewed legs; during which time, he had fattened upon the corn, cattle and sheep of the farmers who lived in his vicinity. During the past year alone he has destroyed upwards of one hundred dollars worth of stock, always taking care to secure his retreat when pursued, till within a few days, when he was accidentally discovered by some men who were employed in logging near the spot where he had taken quarters for the winter. Observing his tracks in the snow, they traced him to the mouth of his den, which was in the cavity of a ledge: when they commenced removing the brush he had carefully drawn into its mouth.

In a moment old Bruin began to snuff and growl, and made an attempt to take leg bail, but was saluted with a blow from a cudgel, cut for the purpose, and fell into his domicil; where he quivered for a few moments, but suddenly regained his strength and made good his escape for the time being. The next day he was hotly pursued by some half dozen of those on whose stock he had preyed, and the chase was continued for some five or six days, when Mr. Blood came to this city and informed some of our sportsmen, (we have some old ones too,) who, accompanied by their hounds, immediately joined in the chase, and fifteen days from the time the bear was first started from his den by the loggers, (during the whole of which time he was hotly pursued by men and dogs, having been kept on the tramp the whole time, only excepting nights) he was captured and brought into this city by Capt Nye and Leonard Dow.

On examining him, thirteen balls were found to have pierced him; the last shots, however, were those which gave him his quietus—one of which took effect a little abaft his fore shoulders, and the other near his spine. During the whole fifteen days, Mr. Blood, who is a farmer, kept open house, keeping all those free of expense who were disposed to join in the chase, being determined to have the bear before he gave up. He weighed when killed three hundred and twenty-four pounds. The old hunters say he must have "run off" one hundred pounds during the chase—but still he is a lusty fellow, and you Bostonians may prepare your mouths for a taste of his flesh, as I understand it is the intention of Mr. Dow to ship him at Frankfort for your city.—He has been on exhibition in this city for the last two days, at 12½ cents a sight. Democrat.

REAL, THOUGH ROMANTIC.

An anecdote has recently circulated in the Faubourg St. Germain, which, though romantic, is not the less authentic. Two families, well known in the aristocratic world, and bearing the name of S——y and M——al, were separated, not only by political hatred, but also by private interests, a lawsuit of great moment pending between them. They detested one another cordially, in a style, indeed, worthy of the Montagues and Capulets. M. de S——y, jun., a young Master of Requests in the Council of State, chanced to meet Mme. de M——al in a drawing-room without knowing her. He thought her a charming young widow, for she was a widow, paid her assiduous attention, and followed her everywhere. Mme. de M——al, who had observed his assiduity, responded to it in such a manner as not to deprive him of all hope. A very witty woman, well aware of the enmity existing between the families, had amused herself by protracting the mutual error of two foes who adored one another. She had contrived to give the youth a fictitious name with the Juliet, and the young widow had also been introduced under a false one to the Romeo of the Council of State. All was proceeding in the most prosperous manner; the lovers met, adored one another, and swore eternal attachment, always at the house of the lady who enjoyed her intrigue. One day, however, the truth came out, when M. de S——y and Mme. de M——al discovered that they were bitter enemies. What was to be done? The young gentleman would willingly have made the first advances towards a reconciliation, but he dreaded a repulse. The handsome widow, on the other hand, felt much more affection than hostility in her heart, but could only wait for the overtures of a beloved foe. Neither being willing to make the first advances, the intercourse was suspended, and ennui and melancholy prevailed on both sides. In a short time, however, the youth's love seemed to have vanished, and made room for the old hereditary hatred. M. de S——y gave his whole attention to the lawsuit pending between the families. After the most desperate efforts he won it, and thereby ruined Mme. de M——al. The handsome widow, still less concerned about the loss of her fortunes than hurt at the conduct of her late worshipper, was preparing to quit Paris, and retire into the family of her husband, when M. de S——y waited on her, to her great astonishment, and demanding her hand, assured her that he had gained possession of her property only that he might be able to restore it to her. The marriage took place eight days ago, at the church of St. Thomas de Aquin. This story may seem improbable, but we can vouch for its truth. Had it not been a fact we should have given it a less common place denouement. Surely, after this, the age of chivalry cannot quite have gone by! French paper.

Betting in France.—In 1332, the Prince de l Moskowa and M. Lachaise made a match between their horses, play or pay, to be run on June 6 in that year, in the Bois de Boulogne. M. Lachaise brought his horse to the post, but the Prince, in consequence of the insurrection which took place that day, conceived that such an amusement would be inconsistent, and declined meeting his rival. M. Lachaise, acting upon the established laws of the Jockey Club, ran his horse over the course, and claimed the stakes. All applications made to the Prince having been unsuccessful, M. Lachaise brought an action against him to recover the bet. The case came on to a hearing before the Tribunal de Premiere Instance, and was argued with great ability by the counsel for each party. The court, however, considered that the circumstances of the day were sufficient to overrule the law of the Jockey Club, and gave judgment against M. Lachaise.

SWEEPSTAKES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

A COPY from the "Sweepstakes Book" of *Union Course*, Long Island, of Stakes made and closed for the years 1840 and 1841.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., but if declared by 1st of March, 1840, then $50. Twenty-two subscribers, viz.:

1. Robt Tillotson names ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones.
2. Also, produce of Garland and Henry.
3. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Imp. Barefoot.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Barefoot.
5. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Barefoot.
6. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
7. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
8. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Imp. Trustee.
9. Also, produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
10. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
11. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
13. Also, produce of Mary Blunt's dam and Marion.
14. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
17. Nat. T. Green names produce of Aggy-down and Shark.
18. C. P. Green names produce of Calliope and Shark.
19. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Maria West and Imp. Shakspeare.
20. W. Livingston names full brother to Dosoris.
21. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
22. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn and Imp. Trustee.
2. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
5. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
6. Alex. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Romp and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Three subscribers, viz.:

1. Asher P. Hamlin names ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dame Quickly.
2. Wm. Gibbons names ch. f. *Fairy*, by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot.
3. John D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.

Second Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. The second in last heat to receive back his stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. John P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam and Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James and Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
6. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Garland and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Geranium and Imp. Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Imp. Barefoot.
9. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
10. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.
11. I. S Snedecor names produce of Blank and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
13. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
14. Also, produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Monmouth's dam and Imp. Trustee.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Imp. Barefoot.
17. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Henry.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Plenipo.
19. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1841—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; if declared by January, 1840, then $100. The 2d horse in first heat to draw his stakes, if not afterwards distanced, and if so, then the 3d in first heat, provided five start. Sixteen subscribers, viz.:

1. Walter Livingston names produce of Sport's-mistress and Imp. Trustee.*
2. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Trustee.
3. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Imp. Trustee.*
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
5. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Priam.
6. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Priam.
7. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Imp. Trustee.
8. J. H. Van Mater names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp. Valentine.
9. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Trustee.
10. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Trustee.
11. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Monmouth Eclipse
12. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Monmouth Eclipse.
13. Alfred J. Vaughan names produce of his Shylock mare and Andrew.
14. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Shark.
15. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Diana and Dr. Syntax.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Garland and Imp. Trustee.

Union Course, Long Island, Jan. 23, 1840.—[j25-3t] * Forfeit declared.

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC.

VERY valuable Property in the City of Raleigh and its vicinity, for sale—FINE BLOOD STOCK &c.

The subscriber, finding it impossible from his extensive engagements in another State, to devote that time and attention to his business here, requisite to its being properly conducted, offers for sale or rent THE EAGLE HOTEL, in the City of Raleigh, at present occupied by him. The Hotel, as every one knows, acquainted with it, is as desirable property as can be owned, if the Proprietor can give his personal attention to it. It is now thoroughly furnished, and the purchaser or lessee could take immediate possession. Few situations in the United States offer so fine a chance for the profitable investment of money.

Also, a Lot of Ground, containing Six Acres, with a new Dwelling, Stone Stable, and Barn.

Also, a Plantation on Crab Tree Creek, within 2½ miles of Raleigh, containing 678 Acress, and including all necessary buildings for a comfortable residence.

Also, 50 Acres of Wood Land, about four miles from the city, lying near the old Hillsboro' Road.

The above property will be sold on accommodating terms. Persons desirous of owning the whole, or any part thereof, are requested to make early application.

The subscriber also offers for sale the whole of his valuable stock of BLOOD HORSES as follows, viz:

No. 1. *Maria West*, dam of Wagner and Fanny, foaled in 1827, by Marion, dam by Imp. Citizen, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Trial Stake, Nashville, Tenn., $1000 each, to be run the day previous to the Peyton Stake; also, in the great Produce Stake, to be run over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, $5000 entrance, four mile heats. Fall of 1843; already five subscribers.

No. 2. *Polly Peachem*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance, foaled in 1828, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Produce Stake, 1843, mile heats, to be run over the State Course near Raleigh, $1000 entrance; also, at Newmarket, Va., $1000. The number of the subscribers to these Stakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times" soon after January.

No. 3. *Mary Blunt*, ch. m. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, foaled in 1833.

No. 4. *Lady Roland*, b. m. by Tariff, dam by Ball's Florizel, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 5. *Mary Ann*, b. m. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 6. *Lady Chesterfield*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Arab, her dam by Imp. Knowsby, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 7. *Lama*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Buzzard, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 8. A Dun Mare, foaled in 1832, by Sir Charles, in foal by Red Wasp.

No. 9. One half ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of No. 1, 3 years old—half owned by Col. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, and now in his possession.

No. 10 *Dolly Thorpe*, b. f. 2 yr old, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of No. 2—won her Sweepstakes over the State Course near Raleigh, nine subscribers, $200 each.

No. 11. *Rail Road*, gr. c. 2 years old, by Imp. Felt, dam by Young Friday.

No. 12. Half of b. f. *Fanny Dingle*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, foaled in 1837—the other half owned by Maj. Thos. Doswell, Hanover county, Va.

No. 13. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 4—engaged at Newmarket, Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each; also, at the State Couse, $1000 each. See Spirit of the Times, after January 1st, for number of entries.

No. 14. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Lyman, out of No. 5—engaged at Newmarket Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each, Spring 3 yr. olds.

No. 15. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Andrew, out of No. 1—engaged in the great Peyton Stake for $150,000, and is considered one of the most promising entries in the Stake.

No. 16. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 5.

No. 17. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 6.

The whole of the above Stock of Blood Horses will be sold at Public Sale, on the 1st day of July next, in the City of Raleigh if not privately sold before that time.

Applications, personally or by letter, can be made, until the day of sale, at Raleigh, N. C. J. C. ROGERS.

Raleigh, Jan. 1, 1840.—[jan25]

DOGS FOR SALE.

A DOG and Bitch of the King Charles breed of Spaniels, two months old. Enquire at the bar of the Franklin Coffee House, Maiden Lane. Jan. 25-3t*

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE following Stakes will be run for over this Course, at the next Spring Meeting, to commence on the second Tuesday in May, to wit:

No. 1. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft Closed on the 1st of January, with eighteen subscribers, to wit:

1. Hector Bell and Henry C. Kendall name gr. c. by Drone, out of Mary Randolph.
2. George L. Stockett names full sister to Cippus.
3. James B Kendall names ch. f. by Drone, out of Ecarte by Eclipse.
4. Edmund Townes names ch. c by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam.
5. J. L. Baltzer names b f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Virginia Fairfield's dam.
6. Col. W. R. Johnson names b. f. by Star, out of Trifle by Sir Charles.
7. Charles Green names *Charles Henry*, by Henry, out of an Imp. Filho da Puta mare.
8. Col. John Heth names produce of Mazeppa's dam.
9. Gen. Thos. Emory names b. c. by Imp Tranby—Betsey Wilson, Lady Clifden's dam.
10. John D. Kirby names b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West, Wagner's dam.
11. W. D. Bowie names gr. c. by Imp. Apparition, out of Blue Belle.
12. W. H. E. Merritt names b. c. by Imp. Felt, out of Clara Fisher.
13. Also, Imp. br. c. by Emilius, out of Trapes by Tramp.
14. J. C. Rogers names br. f. by Imp Shakspeare—Polly Peachem, Portsmouth's dam
15. Nathaniel T. Green names produce of Shark and Aggy Down, by Timoleon.
16. Gen. Thomas Emory names (W. C. Tilghman's) f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Blakeford
17. Wm. L. White names produce of a Medley mare, by Imp. Margrave, out of Mischief.
18. Wm. B. Mears names b. c. by Mons. Tonson, out of Eliza Walker by Eclipse.

No. 2. The "SEWELL STAKES" for 3 yr. olds, to run at 12 o'clock, first day of the Spring Meeting, 1840, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st of April next, and pay $50. Closed on the 1st of January, 1840, with 16 subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. J. V. Wagner names (C. S. W. Dorsey's) ch. f. by Critic, out of his Young Oscar m.
4. Col. D. Jenifer names *Master Walton*, out of sorrel Floretta, by Imp. Chateau Margaux.
5. B. G. Harris names colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of the dam of Reliance.
6. Geo. W. Matthews names f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Ottoway by Sir James.
7. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names Imp. ch. c. by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone.
8. Gen Thos. Emory names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Grecian Princess.
9. Col. Wm. R Johnson names b. f. by Star, out of Sally Trent.
10. Wm. McCargo names ch. c. by Brunswick, dam by Buzzard.
11. Alfred Conover names (Robt. L. Stevens') Imp. b. c. by Plenipo, out of Polly Hopkins.
12. James K. Van Mater names b. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Charlotte Pace.
13. Also, ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Powancy.
14. Also, ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Bianca.
15. Also, ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Monmouth's dam.
16. T. R. S. Boyce names b. c. *Capstan*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.

No. 3. A Stake for 4 yr. olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. Three or more to make a race; to name and close the 1st of March, 1840. There are five or six entries promised to this already; we hope to close it with Eight or Ten Subscribers.

Spring Meeting, 1841.

No. 4. A Stake for 3 yr. olds, to run Spring Meeting of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Closed the 20th of Nov., 1838, with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. John C. Rogers names —. colt by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peachem.
2. Charles Green names b. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of his Imp. Filho da Puta mare.
3. John Gooding, Jr. names b. c. *Rothschild*, by Imp. Felt, out of Trippit by Mars.
4. T. R. S. Boyce names br. f. by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.
5. Jas. B. Kendall names ch. f. by Drone, out of Ecarte by Eclipse.
6. Edmund Townes names b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Gertrude by Hyazim.
7. Col. Wm. L. White names ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Tariff, dam of Sally Harris.
8. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother name b. c. *Bandy*, by Imp. Zinganee, out of Imp. Zillah.
9. Also, b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Bustle.

No. 5. The "PETE WHETSTONE STAKES," to run Spring Meeting of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. Closed the 1st of January, 1840, with Fifteen subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. C. F. M. Noland names filly by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pendleton names b. c. *James Wilks*, by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. J. B. Kendall & R. D. Shepherd name R. D. S.'s Imp. b.c. by Liverpool, d by St. Patrick.
4. Col. F. Thompson names (N. Stonestreet's) gr. c. by Imp. Priam,—Ninon d'L'Enclos.
5. Wm. T. Mason names (Mr. Jas. Long's) b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel names ch. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Vashti.
7. Mordecai Duval names ch. f. by Charles Kemble, out of his Eclipse mare.
8. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names dark f. by Charles Kemble, out of the dam of Trifle.
9. R. D. & H. Shepherd name R. D. S.'s Imp. b. c. by Langar, dam by Partisan.
10. Col. Wade Hampton names b f. *Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria.
11. Thos. Payne names b. f. *Glenara*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Shore by Sir Archy.
12. W. H. E. Merritt & Brother name b. f. *Practice*, by Imp. Zingance—Puss by Timoleon.
13. Alfred Conover names Imp c. by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
14. John S. Corbin names ch. c. *Nobleman*, by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady.
15. Also, b. c. *Cedric*, by Imp. Priam, out of Alteri's dam.

Spring Meeting, 1842.

No. 6. A Stake, to run Spring Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now Four subs., to wit:

1. Gov. Saml. Spriggs.
2. Col. Frs. Thompson.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. R. D. & Henry Shepherd.

Spring Meeting, 1843.

No. 7. The "LADIES STAKES," for the produce of 1840, to run Spring Meeting 1843, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off, the first April, 1843, by paying $50. Closed on the 1st of January, 1840, with Forty-five subscribers, to wit:

1. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Drone.
2. David McDaniel names produce of a Napoleon mare and Imp. Priam.
3. Rich J Worthington names produce of Aramanta by May Day, and Imp. Foreigner.
4. Also, produce of Toynell by Arab, and Imp. Foreigner.
5. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Also, produce of Bonnet's o'Blue and Shark.
7. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Ecarte and Drone.
8. Also, produce of Medora by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
9. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names produce of Miss Phillips and Drone.
10. Henry Shepherd names produce of his Colton mare and Imp. Emancipation.
11. Also, produce of his Lottery mare and Imp. Emancipation.
12. Chas. S. W. Dorsey names produce of Buck-eye's dam and Imp. Emancipation.
13. Also, produce of a Young Oscar mare and Mazeppa.
14. Gov. Samuel Spriggs names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Priam.
15. Also, produce of Violetta Lansdale and John Bull.
16. Col. Daniel Jenifer names produce of sorrel Floretta and Black Knight.
17. Edward J. Hamilton names produce of Laura and Imp. Priam.
18. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Foreigner.
19. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy by Imp. Hedgeford, and Imp. Priam.
20. Chas. Boswell names produce of his Valentine mare and Imp. Priam.
21. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Ironette and Andrew.
22. A. Wherry names produce of Caddy Jones and Imp. Priam.
23. Henry Gill & Jas. Reeside name produce of Reeside's gr. m. Sally Snyder and Drone.
24. O. P. Hare names produce of Mary Lee and Imp. Priam.
25. Thos. Payne names produce of Jane Shore by Sir Archy, and Philip.
26. J. H. Williamson & T. Payne name produce of Screamer by Henry, and Imp. Margrave
27. Col. Frs. Thompson names produce of Maria Louisa and Imp. Margrave
28. W. H. E. Merritt & Brother name produce of Bashful and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, produce of Lady Clifden and Imp. Priam
30. Wm. McCargo names produce of Fanny Wyatt's dam and Imp. Priam.
31. Also, produce of Fanny Hill, the dam of Charles Carter, and Imp. Priam.
32. N. Lufborough & J. Beard name produce of Beard's Byron mare and Imp. Emancipation.
33. Also, produce of Hannah Butler by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
34. Also, produce of Miss Grafton by Roanoke, and Ace of Diamonds.
35. Alfred Conover names produce of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, and Glaucus.
36. Wm. T. Mason names produce of Betsey Minze by Timoleon, and Imp. Margrave.
37. David H. Branch names produce of Trifle and Imp. Priam.
38. Charles R. Carter names produce of his Gohanna mare and Andrew.
39. Wm. Fauquier names produce of his Gohanna mare and Black Heath.
40. Hezekiah Linthecum names produce of Josephine and Drone.
41. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of ch. mare by Lafayette, and Imp. Foreigner.
42. Also, produce of b. mare Testimony, by Apparition, and Imp Foreigner.
43. Jas. Reeside & Henry Gill name produce of Reeside's Sir Charles mare and Reeside's horse by Imp. Hedgeford.
44. Mordecai Duval names produce of Louisa Lee and Imp. Emancipation.
45. Charles F. M. Noland names produce of Lily (by Eclipse, out of Garland, Post Boy's dam,) and Imp. Felt.

☞ The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofore been offered in this section of the country.

JAMES B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

☞ Kendall Course, January 12, 1840.—[jan18-2t]

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

STORR & MORTIMER,

OF New Bond st., London, Manufacturing Silversmiths and Jewellers, beg leave to announce that they have just arrived, with a new and fashionable assortment of JEWELLERY, PLATE, and plated articles of the very best quality and workmanship, which are now ready for inspection at their rooms, No. 20 Warren st., near Broadway. Jan. 11—[3t*]

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street. CODDINGTON & McMANUS.

New York, December 28, 1839.

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON'S Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1824. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N. B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida.

D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1 Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given.

WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor.*

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1839. —[dec14]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Asburst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary [sept27]

POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, one run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more make a race.
2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.
4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.
5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub- $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841
7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21] SAML. SPRIGG.

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

IN consequence of ill health, which renders it impossible for me to devote my attention to the management of the training stable; I will offer at Public Sale (if not privately disposed of) at the St. Charles Exchange Hotel, New Orleans, on the day previous to the Spring Meeting of 1840, the following blood stock. The terms will be made known on the day of sale.

1. Ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.
2. Gr. f. *Queen of Trumps*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.
3. Ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.
4. Ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Imp Pickle, 3 yrs.
5. Ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar, 3 yrs.
6. B. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.

Persons wishing to purchase at private sale will please address to me at Mobile, where the horses can be seen until a few days previous to the sale.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 26, 1839.—[jan18] THOS. WATSON.

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

Great Four mile Sweepstakes.—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Four mile Sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $10 00 each $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on or before the 1st Feb., 1840.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*

F. K. WEST, *Secretary.* Dec. 28.

IRWINTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Races over the *Harrison Course*, near Irwinton, Ala., will commence on the 4th Tuesday in February, 1840, and continue five days; free for all horses.

The Purses, which will be good, will be hung up at the Stand, each day, in *State money.*

C. SPROWL, *Proprietor.*

Irwinton, Ala., 21st Dec., 1839—[jan4-5t]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE New Orleans Races, over the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 18th of March next, and continue one week. The purses, which will as usual be liberal, will be made known hereafter.

Y. N. OLIVER.

New Orleans, Jan. 6, 1840.—[jy18]

TO THE COCKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Cockers of Hagerstown, Washington County, and State of Maryland, will close a main of cocks between this date and the first day of March next, for $2500 the odd fight, against any party that will plank up, to shew 31 cocks, from 4.12 to 6.4—forfeit $1000, the forfeit to be placed in any solvent bank in the United States. To fight any established rules the opposing party may name.

The Main to be fought at Hagerstown. For further particulars, direct to

Jan. 11. J. H. RAGAN, Hagerstown. Md

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Street and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

Collections—Notes and Drafts collected on all parts of the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

Drafts at sight for £5 and upwards, payable on any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can always be obtained, as also Bills on Paris and Hamburg, or persons at a distance have only to remit the amount to S. J. Sylvester, with instructions, to ensure prompt attention.

Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all descriptions of Foreign Gold bought at the highest price.

Stocks, Corporation Bonds, and other secuties bought and sold. All communications must be addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER,
130 Broadway and 22 Wall street.

Dec. 23.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the nation.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1840.

THE 1st No. of this work was published on the 1st of January, 1839, from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES XII.; on Steel by Dick, after Herring.
SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES; on Wood by Childs.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, January 4 1840.

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thoroughbred, but they must be at least 15¼ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

LEVIATHAN STALLIONS FOR SALE.

WACOUSTA, a dark chesnut, without any white, 15 hands 3 inches high, with great length and substance, foaled in 1832; was sired by the celebrated imported horse Leviathan, out of Lady Lightfoot by Oscar, g. d. Maid of Orleans by Cœur de Lion, g. g. d. Nancy Mason by Imp. Saltram—Wildair—Mercury—Apollo—Jolly Roger—Imp. Grenville mare.

Performances.

Nashville, May 26, 1835—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Seventeen subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. *Wacousta*	3	4	1	1
T. A. Pankey's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope	2	2	2	r.o.
Jno. Bass' gr. f. by Richard	6	5	3	r.o.
J. Southall's b. c. by Stockholder	5	1	dist.	
L. L. Leavell's bl f. by Childers	1	3	dist.	
R. Desha's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan	4	6	dr	
Jas. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusko	dist.			

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55.

Gallatin, Sept. 14, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $40; Three mile heats

Jno. C. Beasley's bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1
Jas. Jackson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2	2
A P. Yourie's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 86lbs	3	dr
S. C. Franklin's ch. m. *Matilda Rush*, by Stockholder, 5 yrs., 107lbs	4	dr

Time, 7:15—6:58. Track very deep.

Nashville, Sept. 29th, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $700, with the entrance money ($300) added; Four mile heats.

Kirkman & Dickinson's ch c *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs	3	1	1
R. Smith's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, 3 yrs., 83lbs	1	3	2
Ragland & Davis' bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2	2	3
T. A. Pankey's b h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Picton's dam, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs., 100lbs	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

Florence, Ala., Oct 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse $300, entrance money ($60,) added; Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

I. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs	1	1	1
C. Cheatham's ch. c. *Osceola*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs., 86lbs	2	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:01—4:06.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 9, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $600, entrance money ($120,) added Three mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 104lbs	3	1	1
Jno. Connally's ch. c. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 104	1	2	2
S. Ragland's b. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 104lbs	2	3	3

Time, 5.56—5:51—5:59.

The second heat of this race was the fastest ever run over the Huntsville Course, the horses carrying 4lbs. over the usual 4 yr. old weights. After this he was taken from the Turf. Wacousta was never beaten except by the Leviathan horse Othello, whom he beat *twice* afterwards. Wacousta is a sure Foal getter, and his colts look as fine as his sire's.

Also, ONALASKA, br. c. 3 yrs, own Brother to Wacousta, 16 hands high, no white except small blaze in the forehead. He was very promising, and entered in several stakes; while in training, he took the distemper. He ran in his first Stake at Nashville in May last, which proved that the distemper had entirely injured him as a race horse. He will make a splendid stallion. Both the above horses we are willing to sell at fair prices, and on liberal time, viz., $4000 for Wacousta, and $2000 for Onalaska, at one and two years.

H. & J. KIRKMAN.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1839 —[dec21-8t]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Parmunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall name (W. H. Fennell's) produce of James Cropper's dam by Whip, and St. Leger.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to he above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843 Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Seven subscribers, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Imp. Leviathan.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.
6. Balie Peyton names produce of Black Maria and Imp. Leviathan.
7. John R. Grymes names produce of Susan Yandell and Imp. Leviathan. [j18]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept2]-5m]

IMPORTED AINDERBY.

THE distinguished English Race Horse and Stallion *Ainderby*, will cover the ensuing season at my farm in Maury County, Tenn., on the Central Turnpike, 4 miles from Mount Pleasant and 7 from Columbia, at the following rates; $60 payable in the season, $75 the 25th of Dec, $100 the insurance, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be kept at $1,50 per week. No liability for accidents of any kind.

Pedigree.—Ainderby was got by Velocipede out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, Miss Garforth by Walton, Hyacinthus, Zara, by Delphini, &c.

Performances.—Ainderby won the 2 year old stake at Malton, half-mile, beating Mr. King's gr. f. by Falcon, and Mr. Brandenburgh's b. c. Lotto by Lottery.

At Newton, Lancashire, for the Goiborne Stakes, 15 subscribers, Golborne Course, he ran third to Lord Derby's Verbena by Velocipede, beating Ironlounder, b. c. by Predictor, Friar Tuck by Emilius, Turban by Sultan, Borghese by Brutandorf, Calista by Velocipede, br. f by Filho da Puta, and Mr. G. Peel's Tony Lumpkin by Bedlamite.

At Pontefract, for 2 year olds, he was beaten half neck after a good race by Mr. Gully's Democracy by Tramp, he beating Mr. Mason's Lotto by Lottery, Mr. Wilson's b. c. Winkly by Velocipede, and Mr. Gill's bl. c. by Waverley.

At Beverley, for 2 yr. olds, 4 subs., he beat Col. Thompson's b. f. Everilda by Young Phantom.

He won the York Derby for 3 yr olds, one mile three-quarters, 22 subs., beating Mr. Powlett's b. c. by Langar out of Giovanni's dam, b. c. by Memnon out of Chorister's dam, Mr. Armitage's f. by Velocipede out of Crazy Jane, b. c. Weldare by Langar, Duke of Leeds' Marianne by Malek, and The Stag by Actæon,—5 to 4 vs. Powlett's colt, 2 to 1 vs. Ainderby; won by a length.

For the St. Leger Stakes, at Manchester, one mile and three-quarters, he was beaten by Turban half a length, whom he had formerly beaten; Ainderby 2d, beating Sir R. Bulkly's Toraldo by Camel, Mr. T. Johnson's br. f. Venus by Langar, Mr. Gifford's b. c. by Lottery,—2 to 1 on Ainderby.

At Pontefract, he won a Sweepstakes, 5 subs., one mile and three-quarters, beating in a canter Mr. King's bl. c. Knottingly by Waverley.

Thursday, at same place, he won the Gold Cup, 8 subs., beating Miss Wilfred by Lottery, and Gen. Sharpe's g. f. Matilda by Malek

At Doncaster, he won the Scarborough Stakes, one mile (the winners of the St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra), beating Mr. Mostyn's br. f The Queen of Trumps by Velocipede, and The General by Confederate,—the mile was run in 1:43, the best on record, Ainderby carrying 118 pounds. The Queen of Trumps was said to be the best mare in England of her day, having never been beaten before or afterwards. It is said that she lost this race in consequence of a dog running on the Course. This may be true, but Ainderby being where he was, and being able to lead, his advantage was glory enough. The General was no where in the race. For an account of this race, see Am. T. Register for Jan. 1836, in an article by a "Virginia Breeder" who timed it.

He was afterwards beaten at Ascot Heath by Aurelius by Sultan. At Scuthampton, by Oberon. At Egham, by Lucifer, beating Paris and Louisa. At same place, by Spurne, and for the Bibury Stakes, by Mic Mac by Tramp.

At Goodwood, he ran third to Lord Jersey's Mendicant by Tramp, beating the following not placed, Foozool by Emilius, Willesden by Velocipede, Edgar by Shakspeare, Lord Exeter's Velure by Picton out of Bran's dam, and own brother to Glaucus.

Same place, he ran a dead heat with Lord Suffield's Newlight, by Lamplighter, won by Mendicant—he beating Mus, by Bizarre—Mr. Theobald's b. m. Cleopatra, by Camel—Zenana, by Sultan—Archwire, by Aron—Magician, by Zinganee—Bodice, by Whalebone—Foozool by Emilius—Sir Frederick—Lord Egremont's Madeira, by Chateau Margaux, out of Whale's dam, and Count de Courcy's Scipio.

Ainderby is a dark chesnut, 15 hands 2 inches high, strong back, loins, and shoulders, in fine racing form; his family are mostly all winners; with Velocipede on the sire's, and Catton on the dam's side, his get ought to be both speedy and stout. Imp. Nonplus, the brother to Kate (his dam) was a highly respectable race horse, having beaten Actæon (the sire of Gen Chasse), Tarrare, Mulatto (sire of Bloomsbury), Malek, &c. Nonplus's get are coming out in South Carolina highly creditable to the stock. Three have made their appearance, two of which are winners. Col. Flud's Hermione, who won the stake at Columbia, of 25 subscribers, and Col. Moore's b. c. out of Nancy Aim.

[jan18] L. J. POLK.

BELSHAZZAR.

THIS splendid English Stallion will make his present season (1840) at the stable of the subscriber, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 the season, and $125 to insure; with $1 cash to the groom, in every case. The season will commence 15th February, and expire 1st July. All persons who may patronise him are requested before the season closes, to execute their notes, payable 1st January, 1841; at which time the money for his services will be due. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal, or transferred. Mares entrusted to my care, will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain, at $1,25 per week; and every attention paid to insure their being in foal; also to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

Belshazzar is a rich chesnut, with no white except a small star, and a little white on his off hind foot; full 16 hands high, of fine length and reach, head and neck of such exquisite form and beauty, as to please the most captious and fault-finding; a shoulder resembling English Eclipse's, (one of his renowned ancestors,) very extensive and well placed back, and loin truly fine; limbs as clean and flinty as those of the deer, and a silky coat of hair. Take him altogether, he is a horse of high racing form, and is remarkable for his gaiety, beauty, and symmetry; and need only to be looked upon, to be admired.

For further information as to pedigree and performances, reference is made to the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, page 154, of the March No., 1839.

Jan. 11.—[t1my] WM. P. CAMPBELL, Agent for the owners.

IMPORTED HIBISCUS.

WILL make his next season at the Farm near the Washington race Course, Charleston, South Carolina, and will be put to mares at $40 the season, and $1 to the groom, to be paid in every instance before the mares are served.

Hibiscus is a beautiful bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inches high, of great length, and fine action. He was bred by Lord Exeter, and was foaled in 1834; he was got by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, out of Moses' dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skin by Woodpecker—Herod, &c. His sire, Sultan, ranked higher in England than any stallion of his day in the kingdom, and his dam unites most of the favorite crosses of this country, as her pedigree will show. For particulars see Racing Calendar of 1837 and '38.

The season will commence on the 1st of February, and end on the 1st of July. Mares will be well fed at 50 cents per day, and separate lots provided for such as have young foals. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility should any occur.

Hibiscus is a horse of the purest pedigree, and in high racing form, exceedingly handsome, and the low price at which his services are offered to the public, will, it is hoped, insure him a liberal patronage. For particulars address his proprietor at the Queen st stables, Charleston. [Jan.11] GEORGE FRYER

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawv, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON'S Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N.B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
ACHMED EL EBAB.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pac

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Jan. 25—Master HUTCHINGS' Benefit; on which occasion Mr. HUTCHINGS will appear; THE VILLAGE DOCTOR—THE TURNPIKE GATE; Crack, Master Hutchings—BOMBASTES FURIOSO; Bombastes, Master Hutchings; Fusbos, Mr. Hutchings—and MY HUSBAND'S GHOST; Corporal Muske, Mr. Hutchings.

MONDAY, Jan. 27—THE FIREMAN'S BALL.

TUESDAY, Jan. 28—First night of Mr. TASISTRO'S engagement; THE REVENGE; Zanga, Mr. Tasistro; and MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29—Second night of Mr. TASISTRO; THE GAMESTER; Beverley, Mr. Tasistro; and LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

THURSDAY, Jan. 30—Third night of Mr. TASISTRO; OTHELLO; Othello, Mr. Tasistro; and the UNFINISHED GENTLEMAN.

FRIDAY, Jan. 31—Mr. TASISTRO'S Benefit.

Things Theatrical.

DEATH OF MR. PRICE.

Again has it become our painful duty to commence this department of our paper with an obituary announcement. On Monday last, STEPHEN PRICE, Esq., of the Park Theatre, died after a short illness of three days, from Erysipelas in the throat. The death of no individual connected with the stage could have awakened a deeper or more general interest, either in this country or in England For a great number of years Mr. Price had been the principal manager of the Park Theatre in this city, and the eminent rank which this house has ever maintained in American theatricals, is to be attributed not more to its position as the principal theatre of the commercial metropolis of America, than to the sagacious, dignified, and upright management of Mr. Price. His closest connection with English theatricals, grew out of his management of Drury Lane theatre, and it continued to be intimate from the period of his relinquishment of that establishment till his death. For a great portion of that time he had resided in London, whence he directed in a great measure operations on this side the Atlantic, making all the foreign engagements. An occasional visit to New York gave to the internal administration of the theatre, the benefit of his experience, and his rare sagacity.

Mr. Price was known, in the profession, but as a manager. Born to opulence, he was bred to the bar of this city, and continued in the practice of his first profession, even after he was concerned in the direction of the Park theatre. A taste for theatrical society he evinced early in his life, and it grew with him, till he entered permanently and, at last, exclusively upon the management of a theatre. For such a career he was eminently fitted by various qualities of mind, and if, in the fluctuations of the times, he was occasionally unfortunate, his forecast, his energy, and his vigorous perseverance and honesty, inevitably brought him through all difficulties triumphantly. His inflexible steadiness of purpose, and his honesty, were the great elements of his success. His word was ever his bond, and every member of the profession relied, with honorable confidence, warranted by a long experience, upon his fulfilment of every obligation. When the unfortunate issue of his management of Drury Lane had made him a bankrupt, he was discharged under the insolvent laws of England; but, returning immediately home, he, with his accustomed resolution, retrieved his broken fortunes, and the first application of the returns of his industry was the full discharge—principal and interest—of those identical obligations from which legal enactments had already entirely absolved him

Conduct like his is even yet so rare that it merits distinct and repeated mention; but it was not upon a single act of proud-spirited conduct of this nature, but upon a long career of truth and integrity under difficult circumstances, that rested the fair fame of Mr. Price in the theatrical profession. His prudence, *in business*, was not less than his uprightness and his energy; these had already, before his demise, insured the complete extrication of the Park theatre from the embarrassments with which it has been surrounded since the opening of the season of 1838. These embarrassments are to be attributed to a variety of causes of various weight, and chiefly beyond the control of Mr. Price. The fluctuations of property which have marked the last five or six years of our history, were intimately connected with the concerns of the Park theatre, and the last return of Mr. Price to America was intended to restore the old house to its former easy and commanding position. That the objects of this visit would have been fully attained, had he been spared, cannot be doubted by those who are acquainted with the plan of his operations, the means with which it was to be carried out, and who had observed the multiplying omens of success. The old ship is yet in the hands of a time honored commander; for thorough-going honesty, and personal respectability, the surviving partner, Mr. EDMUND SIMPSON, has a name like that of his old associate, pure and unsullied. May rich and deserved success crown every effort!

But it was not as connected with the stage that the character of Mr. Price was most strongly marked. He carried into his chosen society all the stern features which distinguished him in his business, save that they were softened by the generosity of his nature, and relieved by wit, by love of pleasure, and by great playfulness of manner. There was more of a kind of chivalry in his manner and in his nature than is often encountered. Lofty courtesy and winning gentleness, generosity, pride, and desperate courage, were harmoniously mingled in him. With a nice sense of honor, and great sensibility, he was cool and calm, but most invcterate. The prominent traits of his nature are happily named by the editor of the "New York American," than whom no one could better appreciate him.—"He was a man of great energy and decision of character, a good friend, a formidable enemy, and an honest man."

It must occur to every one, who enjoyed the pleasure of his society, how eminently the characteristics of his nature, and the great powers of his mind, fitted him for a more commanding career than he found in his adopted profession. Had his lot been cast in stirring, stormy times—"days which try men's souls"—he would have developed energies and resources which a life of pleasure, and, for one of his abilities, comparative ease, were ill-fitted to call forth. He made many and bitter enemies, but his friends were attached to him by ties yet stronger, and he himself knew little measure in his scorn and hate, and yet less in the warmth and enthusiasm of his friendship.

His remains were deposited in the burial-ground of St. Mark's Church, on Tuesday last, in the presence of a large concourse of his friends.

The Park.—The performances at this house, suspended for two evenings in consequence of the death of the senior Manager, re-commenced on Wednesday evening, the VANDENHOFFS appearing for the second time in the new play of "Love." This play is esteemed the best production of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, since the "Hunchback" was written. It resembles that play very much in its design and character, and can be so cast, we think, as to be yet more effective upon the stage. Of Miss Vandenhoff, as the *Countess*, we thought more highly than in any of her previous characters. Some acts were very tame, but in the more passionate scenes, she produced very considerable effect. The part suits her style, which is, as the "Gazette" once well observed, "somewhat upon the high-pressure principle." Again, she suffers nothing from a comparison with those great actresses who have preceded her in America.

Mr. Vandenhoff pleases less in *Huon* than in any previous part. He can play nothing ill, but he is not, nor can he *be made up*, young enough for Huon. The success of the play, upon the whole, has not been decided. Several important parts were not well cast, and, worse than all, were not familiar—an utter and inexcusable nuisance. The effect of one great scene was marred by the non-appearance of Mr. CRESWICK at the critical moment; a minute or more elapsed, Huon and the Countess all the while in position for an effective point. It was probably the fault of the call-boy, but the audience expressed their sense of the negligence by hissing very heartily Mr. Creswick, as the only "available" outlet for their spleen. If not in fault, he should yet more energetically have conveyed the indignation of the house to the real offender. Miss CUSHMAN'S part is altogether beneath her powers, but she plays it, as she does everything—well.

Next week, on Monday, the Firemen's Ball takes place; the following evening, as will be seen by the bills, Mr. LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO makes his first appearance in America, as *Zanga*, as Dr. YOUNG'S tragedy of "The Revenge." There is great curiosity to witness the performance, and the house will be full and friendly. Mr. Tasistro, as will be seen by the bill, follows up Zanga with other leading parts.

May we once again call the attention of the management to the necessity of bringing out some new operas, if there be any desire to make the operatic company draw. These are not the times, as was the case in '34 and '35, when men go to see one opera every night of an engagement. The pleasure is too expensive. Nothing will make the engagement of this company profitable but a still further outlay.

There are several rumors abroad as to the future direction of the Park, but nothing definite is known. But now is the time for the friends of Mr. SIMPSON to lend him their heartiest co-operation and support in his arduous duties. They should rally around him to a man, and by their countenance measurably supply the loss of the former head of this favorite and time-honored house.

The Olympic.—MITCHELL has got two or three new affairs at this house, more laughable even than the "Roof Scrambler." The "Olympic Revels" is one for which our old favorite, Mrs. BAILEY, is engaged. Another funny thing is entitled "Old Crummles and the Phenomenon," which would amazingly please our friend "Morgan Rattler," of Quebec, who whilom did discourse mellifluously on kindred themes. Mitchell is doing decidedly a good business, and he deserves so to do, as he gives more fun for the same money than any theatre ever before open in New York.

THEATRICAL ON DITS.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM opened at Washington on the 13th instant to $420—a great house for that city. By the "National Intelligencer" she is commended aright. That paper says:—"To say that the audience was highly gratified with the performance of Mrs. Fitzwilliam in both of her personations, would be to give a very inadequate idea of the universal enthusiasm and rapturous delight which pervaded the audience throughout the whole of the evening's entertainment. We never witnessed more unequivocal demonstration of applause nor such repeated and universal plaudits." On her third night the receipts were $600. Such success has not often been known at the Capital.

LUDLOW & SMITH are carrying on the war bravely in Mobile. They are in a snug building, well fitted up, and capable of holding $800. BALLS was playing there at last accounts—MARBLE was to follow, then LECOMTE, and her company of dancers, HERR CLINE, &c &c. The following is a list of the company, which is pretty strong:—Ludlow, Smith, Farren, Charles Mason, Cowell, Smyth, M'Conarchy, Larkin, Bateman, Marsh, Burns, Johnson, Wright, Rose, McKinney, &c.; Mrs. Farren, Mrs. Bateman, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Russell, Miss Fisher, Miss Stanard, Mrs. Madden, &c. Leader of the orchestra, Mr. E Woods; scenic artist, Mr. C. L. Smith.

KEAN did a poor business at Washington. A Baltimore paper informs us that he has been playing to empty benches.

Some "New York lady" was to make her first appearance at the Marshall Theatre, Richmond, on Wednesday last, under the auspices of Mr. GEORGE JONES. It is too soon to hear the result.

MARBLE closed an engagement at New Orleans, on the 5th instant, with his benefit. He seems a prodigious favorite in that part of the country. He plays his line of characters well "any where."

Theatricals in Boston.—Mr. RANGER closed, last week, a successful engagement at the Tremont theatre, in Boston; and his benefit was one of the fullest and most fashionable houses of the season in that city. He is to commence a new engagement next week.

HENRY WALLACK and his accomplished wife have been playing to moderate houses at the National theatre, in Boston.

A meeting of the friends of the late Mr. FINN was held in Boston on Monday last, and a second meeting took place on Tuesday, at which arrangements were made preparatory to giving a benefit to the family of the old favorite of "Modern Athens." It is to come off next Monday evening, and the tickets will be sold at double the customary price. A full house is anticipated.

Mr. J. P. KNIGHT has been giving concerts in Boston, and, it is said, contemplates taking up a permanent residence in that city, where he is highly popular.

RUSSELL and Mr. and Mrs. SEGUIN are delighting the Bostonians, and enriching themselves, by concerts at the Melodeon. Seguin and his wife return to England in April.

On Dit.—Mr. Ranger, the popular dramatist and comedian, is about to lead to the altar one of the most beautiful girls of the metropolis of New England.

[From the Examiner of Nov 24]

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.—These theatres have been engaged in a laudable rivalry during the past week, with much benefit to the town.—There are two *Beggars' Operas* in the field, and we can fairly say of them in the words of the song, How happy could we be with either, without in the least wishing. The other dear charmer away.

We say the town certainly benefits by such proper emulation as this. Madame Vestris produces her version with many superior recommendations to any we have seen before, reviving the Beggar and the Player though still modestly discountenancing such naughty people as Mrs Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Mrs Slammekin, and Molly Brazen. Mr. Hammond straightway adopts the better part of his rival manager's notion, waiving the modesty. Madame Vestris, with admirable respect for wit and philosophy of her subject, dresses it in the best clothes she can afford, and her Polly and her Macheath seem to have walked out of the prints of Hogarth. Mr Hammond does all this too, but with a spirited ambition he does something more, and presents to his astonished and admiring audience an Orchestra in full court costume, with ruffles, wigs, and swords! [The following was the cast,]

DRURY-LANE.		COVENT-GARDEN	
Polly Peachum	Mrs. Alban Croft.	Polly Peachum	Miss Austen.
Lucy Lockit	Mrs. Waylett.	Lucy Lockit	M. Vestris.
Mrs. Peachum	Mrs Selby.	Mrs. Peachum	Mrs C. Jones.
Peachum	Mr. W. Bennett.	Peachum	Mr. W. Farren.
Lockit	Mr. Dowton.	Lockit	Mr. Bartley.
Captain Macheath	Mr. Frazer.	Captain Macheath	Mr. Harrison.
Filch	Mr. Hammond.	Filch	Mr. Harley
Mat-o'-the-Mint	Mr. Yarnold.	Mat-o'-the-Mint	Mr. S. Jones.
Beggar	Mr. J. W. Ray.	Beggar	Mr Granby.
Player	Mr. Roberts.	Player	Mr. Selby.

Our readers must not expect us to tell them at which theatre the performance is on the whole best worth a visit. We exhort them to go to both, since they can never hear the Beggars' Opera too often They may, and most likely will, think the Macheath of Covent Garden incomparably the best, but then they will be propitiated by the infinite superiority of the Polly of Drury Lane; they may be discontented with the Drury Lane Peachum, but scarcely less sad is the Covent Garden Filch: nor will their delight with the Filch of Drury Lane, which is truly admirable, surpass their pleasure at the Peachum of Covent Garden, which, with some faults, is the picture of an able artist. Both the Lucys sang prettily, both acted inefficiently, and the better voice at Covent Garden was balanced by the better manner at Drury Lane. We will not disturb our general impression of the life-like portraiture of both the Mrs Peachums by a comparative remark on either.

In courtesy we will only add a few words on the new singer at Drury Lane who sustained the part of Polly. Her person was well adapted to it, but her carriage wants grace and ease, and she must at once unlearn the abominable trick of constantly ducking and cringing and curtseying to the audience. With these disadvantages, and no apparent notion of the delightful union of implicit earnestness and extreme gentleness which makes up the character of Mr Peachum's daughter, she is the most successful Polly we have had for some years; and setting aside Miss Delcy we know none of the singers untried in this particular part that would be likely to compare with her. Her voice is powerful, of a fine mezzo-soprano quality, and by its flexibility and compass in the higher notes singularly well suited to the music of Polly. She can sing with simplicity too, though she does it seldom. Her fault is too great a tendency to ornament, and too continual a sense of the presence of the audience, towards whom she turned directly round from Lucy and Macheath, to display her powers of execution in "Cease your funning." No such reproach or objurgation, we are very sure, had the unoffending and unseducing audience deserved. On the whole, however, Mrs Alban Croft is a great acquisition to the theatre, which for the purposes of opera is now without a rival.

[Miss Rainforth has since been substituted for Miss Austen.]

ENGLISH DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

[From the Observer.]

We have heard nothing more regarding Miss Mitford's tragedy, which was put into the hands of the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, beyond the fact that it will not, at all events, be produced until the end of January. As Parliament will by that date have assembled, as the town will then be full, and, moreover, and mainly, as Macready, will, in all probability, then be performing, or about to perform, this determination is a wise one, and in entire accordance with our suggestion last week. Some persons are throwing doubts upon the truth of the engagement of Macready, and we profess to know no more of the matter than was inserted in Mr. Hammond's bill at the beginning of the season. If we recollect rightly, there are two great parts in Miss Mitford's *Otto*, one male and the other female, besides several subordinate characters of more than ordinary prominence, and it will require a good company to perform it with effect. Certainly Miss Mitford has the strongest claims, as a dramatist, that nothing shall be wanting to ensure success to any new effort, whether it be *Otto* or any other piece from her pen, even were it not so clearly the interest of the management that every aid should be sought and obtained.

There have been reports during the whole of the week respecting certain disorganizations in the affairs of Drury Lane: and we believe it to be true, that a meeting of the performers, &c., was held on Thursday last, at which Mr. Hammond attended. If there be any foundation for the rumours we have heard, it is very natural that all the parties interested should be desirous of making the matter as little public as possible. It will be recollected that before the opening of Drury Lane, much was said in sundry paragraphs respecting the pecuniary assistance Hammond was to obtain from a friend, whose name was not withheld. It is now stated (we do not pretend to say what reliance the statement deserves) that his friend has refused to make any further advances, and that the lessee has now to depend only upon his own resources. What those resources may be, of course we are not aware; but it is added that his company, in consideration of his losses during the present season, have come to the resolution of accepting reduced salaries, until Hammond, by the increase of his receipts, can make up the deficiency. We trust that this is not the case, though we own that we should not be at all surprised at it, recollecting how inadequate to the nightly expenses the takings at the doors must have been on nearly every evening when we have been within the walls. We spoke last week of the difficulty of weathering Christmas, with some view to that state of things which, it seems, according to rumour, has now occurred. It is added that the Sub-Committee have expressed to Hammond their determination to support him in every way, which only means, we suppose, to be forbearing as regards the rent; for what other support they can give him we cannot conjecture They have now got a respectable tenant, and the least they can do is to show him as much favour as others who have not possessed Hammond's claims of conduct and character. Unfavourable as matters may look at the present moment, we should not be at all astonished if Hammond were to find some person or persons ready to join him, and to share with him in the risk of the undertaking, recollecting that the worst part of the season is now so nearly over. We are aware of an individual of some property, who has for some years been anxious to embark part of his capital in a theatrical speculation, a principal motive being the opportunity it will afford him of taking a few leading tragic characters

It is satisfactory to find the affairs of one large theatre prosperous: we allude, of course, to Covent Garden, where the audiences have not only been remunerating, but profitable, since the first production of Knowles's *Love*. It is still continuing its career of success, and it is advertised for every night this week, which will carry it beyond the number of repetitions experienced by Sir E. L. Bulwer's play at the Haymarket. How Ellen Tree has been able to arrange respecting her country engagements we can only conjecture; but it would have been worth while for her to pay forfeit, if any were incurred, rather than interrupt the run of the piece in which she sustains the principal character, and in which nobody could follow her. Busy preparations are now making for the new Christmas piece, by Planché and Dance, in which, of course, Madame Vestris will sustain the chief part; and which will have the advantage of all the means and resources of a great theatre.

We observe that H Philips has got to Drury Lane, and that he is to take the part of Caspar when *Der Freischutz* is re-produced there on Tuesday next. This looks well for Drury Lane, but ill for the St. James's where H. Philips was engaged; and we perceive also that it is publicly announced that T. Cooke has resigned his situation of Musical Director under Mr. Benn. Hammond could not possibly do better than secure the services of T. Cooke, as we said months ago, before he had entered into terms with the lessee of the St. James's Theatre. Hammond must not care for the jealousies of any other parties, whether the getters-up and adapters of foreign operas, or inferior and vulgar composers; but he must consider what is best for the interest of his great establishment, and act with decision accordingly. With T. Cooke for musical director, and Eliason for leader of the orchestra, much might be done in the operatic department, with the prize Hammond has already secured in Miss Lacy, *alias* Delcy. We may take this opportunity of asking what is become of Mr. Ve—— who was underlined to take the tenor part in *Der Freischutz*? We do not perceive his name in the bills, and the public was taught, in sundry ways, to expect much from his voice and talents. *Love in a Village* is advertised as about to be performed in the costume of the time.

MALIBRAN AND LAFAYETTE.—The *Societé des Enfans d' Apollon* of Paris is composed of the *elite* of those who successfully cultivate the fine arts—sculptors, painters, engravers, composers, distinguished singers, and instrumental performers. The society never had a brighter ornament than that great singer and tragedian, and witty, graceful, and benevolent woman, Maria Malibran. She attended almost all the meetings, and often sang, where her arrival gladdened every countenance. The first meeting after the Revolution of July, 1830, was held at the Hotel de Ville, in the fine hall of St. John. General Lafayette was in the chair; Maria Malibran was present, and M. Bouilli, the well-known dramatic author, was entrusted with the usual discourse. Lafayette's wits were, at the time, overwhelmed with the most momentous political affairs. The heat was excessive, the crowd immense, and fatigue soon plunged the "hero of both worlds" into involuntary drowsiness. M. Bouilli, nevertheless, continued his speech. In presence of Maria Malibran he passed a delicate eulogium upon talents which had in turn delighted America and Europe, and, raising his voice, proclaimed her the "syren of both worlds." The two last words, and the acclamations that followed, alone reached the ears of Lafayette, who quite roused by them, made a superb bow to the assembly. Maria Malibran gracefully bowed also, and M. Bouilli, taking his share of the increasing applause, acknowledged it with three bows. The enthusiasm and laughter of the audience were then carried to the highest pitch, and never perhaps did so general a mistake cause more excitement and surprise.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Since then portraits, in the same style of excellence, of JOHN BASCOMBE and Imp. LEVIATHAN have been published, to be followed by others of SHARK, MONARCH, and HEDGEFORD, all of which will appear before the close of the present volume (9th March, 1840).

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